THE COMING FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Henry Torrès

THE SOUTH KILLS ANOTHER NEGRO

By William Bradford Huie

NOVEMBER 1941

The American Mercury

25 cents
30¢ in Canada

Union Now with Germany	*Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein*
Do Women Own America?	*Geraldine Sartain*
Some Plain Talk on Russia	*Eugene Lyons*
American Medicine Leads the World	*Elsie McCormick*
Japan May Face Destruction	*James R. Young*
Radio Has a Word for It	*Doris McFerran*
Diary of an Escape from Europe	*Valeriu Marcu*
The Victor, *A Story*	*Freer Stalnaker*
Drama As a War Atrocity	*George Jean Nathan*
Foreign Diplomats Go American	*Blair Bolles*
Eating for National Defense	*Gaynor Maddox*
The Tiger of the Skies	*Alan Devoe*
Critics and History	*Mary M. Colum*
Strange Clubs We Join	*S. L. Solon*

POLITICAL CARTOONS *by Arthur Szyk*

BOOKS · POETRY · OPEN FORUM

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH must breathe!

AT 30,000 feet—above all animal life, 10,000 feet above the extreme limit of Alpine mountain vegetation, higher than Everest, higher even than the South American condor soaring over Chimborazo—MAN FLIES!

Another medium has been added to the land and the sea, almost another dimension has been added to the air itself—the stratosphere. Here, planes can travel phenomenally fast, amazingly far; here are the high roads for today's bombers and tomorrow's transports; here are the new high battlefields where a superplane may rise to dominate the skies—and the earth below.

But at 30,000 feet in the stratosphere the air is so thin that no human lungs and no airplane engines can breathe deep enough to sustain life.

Yet with the aid of oxygen masks man breathes and survives; and, with the aid of turbosuperchargers, American-built engines can breathe and fly nearly seven miles up—"on top" of the best combat planes of any other nation.

More than 20 years ago a General Electric engineer, Dr. Sanford A. Moss, equipped a Liberty engine with a turbosupercharger that he had designed. And for more than 20 years, while America's aeronautical engineers designed ships to fly farther and faster, General Electric engineers worked to perfect the machine that would enable them to fly higher and higher.

Today, no bombers can fly farther than our American bombers, no combat planes can fly faster than our American interceptors. And, thanks to the turbosupercharger, no enemy planes can rise above them. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Europe had reached the stage where a man could be told without irony that he should be grateful to be shot, and not strangled."

IN August 1939, Arthur Koestler was residing on the Riviera writing his notable "Darkness at Noon." A year later he was one of thousands of *political suspects* in a French concentration camp, the human debris which had been rolled before Hitler's advance successively across Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Holland, France. Koestler tells here, from his own experience, the lot of the war refugee. He also gives the clearest analysis of inner rottenness, the spiritual inertia which led to France's collapse.

SCUM OF THE EARTH

$2.50 all bookstores

CHARLES MORGAN'S

The Empty Room

This new story by the author of "The Fountain" and "The Voyage" may be compared with Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw." Its theme is the power of men and women, even of nations, to be born again when all seems lost.

(probably) $2.00

ELEANOR DARK'S

The Timeless Land

"This original and satifying novel about the settling of Australia . . . is creative fiction of a high order. Who can read it without that leap of the heart which comes only at a contact with greatness!"—DOROTHY CANFIELD $2.75

NEWTON GEORGE THOMAS'S

The Long Winter Ends

"A vivid story worthy of comparison with How Green Was My Valley (CHICAGO NEWS), full of interesting detail and told with warmth and feeling (THE NEW YORKER), with amazing authenticity and selective incident (PHILA. INQUIRER), a fascinating study." (NEW YORK TIMES) $2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Ave. New York City

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME LIII — NUMBER 215

TABLE OF CONTENTS

November, 1941

The Coming French Revolution ..... Henry Torrès 519
Do the Women Own America? ..... Geraldine Sartain 527
The South Kills Another Negro ..... William Bradford Huie 535
Union Now With Germany ..... Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein 546
Foreign Diplomats Go American ..... Blair Bolles 552
American Medicine Leads the World ..... Elsie McCormick 560
Japan May Face Destruction ..... James R. Young 569
Radio Has a Word for It ..... Doris McFerran 578
THE STATE OF THE UNION:
Some Plain Talk on Russia ..... Eugene Lyons 583
Diary of an Escape from Europe ..... Valeriu Marcu 590
The Victor, *A Story* ..... Freer Stalnaker 599
Eating for National Defense ..... Gaynor Maddox 606
Strange Clubs We Join ..... S. L. Solon 612
THE THEATRE:
Drama as a War Atrocity ..... George Jean Nathan 618
DOWN TO EARTH:
The Tiger of the Skies ..... Alan Devoe 623
POETRY:
I. Reminder ..... Sydney King Russell 568
II. Nation ..... Tom Boggs 574
THE LIBRARY:
Critics and History ..... Mary M. Colum 627
CHECK LIST 632
OPEN FORUM 634
CONTRIBUTORS 516
RECORDED MUSIC 636
CARTOONS: SZYK 534, 559, 575, 582, 589, 617

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; $3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, $4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1941, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. All rights reserved. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Publisher* — Eugene Lyons, *Editor*

John Tebbel, *Managing Editor;* Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor;* J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR FINE BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS
and those who enjoy Beautiful Books

The announcement of these editions should be enough to tempt collectors and bibliophiles. But that is not the sole purpose of this advertisement. It is published with the hope that it may furnish the spark that will inspire some who have never collected fine books to start that fascinating and instructive hobby. These volumes are worthy of honored positions in any collection of fine books—even the cherished spot of the book that starts the collection. As gifts to booklovers, they are ideal.

Venus & Adonis

Shakespeare's immortal poem, decorated by Rockwell Kent and typographic design by Will Ransom. Quarto size. Set in Lutetia type with twenty-one illustrations in two colors. Edition limited to 1250 copies, each signed by Rockwell Kent. Numbers 1 to 75 are printed on Arnold Unbleached hand made paper, richly bound by hand in full calf and tooled, with an extra set of the illustrations mounted and boxed. Price $75 per copy. Numbers 76 to 1250 are printed on Worthy Hand and Arrows, bound in silk fabric with leather back, gold stamped. Price $15. Trade Edition, cloth bound. Price $2.75.

Bibliotheca Typographica

by Horace Hart—A list of books about books which covers every phase of book making. Here is an important reference work for every collector and it is done in a manner that makes it a collector's item.

Limited edition	Price $5.00
Trade edition	Price 2.50

The Travels of Marco Polo

One of the most interesting and most historically important books of all time, designed and generously illustrated by W. A. Dwiggins. Not a limited edition, but so beautifully done that it was selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the fifty best books of the year. Nearly five hundred pages, sparkling with smart typography. Price only $5.00 per copy.

Roast Pig

Charles Lamb's delightful dissertation gloriously illustrated by Wilfred Jones, who has really caught the gay casual charm of the essay and the mock seriousness of the fantastic story. A Chinese atmosphere is built of Oriental Okawara paper and Chinese characters by Sang Ho. Typography by Will Ransom, 950 numbered copies, signed by Wilfred Jones. Price $7.50.

All books shipped prepaid and are returnable if not satisfactory upon inspection.

THE PRINTING HOUSE OF LEO HART, 1776 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Please send prepaid the books checked below at the prices indicated:

VENUS AND ADONIS @ $75 ☐ @ $15 ☐ @ $2.75 ☐ THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO @ $5.00 ☐

BIBLIOTHECA TYPOGRAPHICA @ $5.00 ☐ @ $2.50 ☐ ROAST PIG @ $7.50 ☐

It is understood that I can return any book if not satisfied upon inspection.

Name.....

Address.....

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on Best Seller Lists and in national periodicals. Fiction, non-fiction writers advised, promoted. Unknown authors assisted. Highly recommended aid for revision and publication. Information on request. 49 West 42d St., New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS supplied; also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (*We Also Buy Old Books and Magazines.*)
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the **"Out-of-Print"** or **"Hard-to-Find"** books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.
THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS
Station O Box 22 New York City

RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News and feature articles on coins, medals and paper money. Six month trial subscription $1.50. Sample copy 30c. Write for circular. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

GENERAL

30% to 80% OFF
on new non-fiction books. Send for catalogue.
RODALE PRESS
Dept. A.M.2 Emmaus, Pa.

NEW CONTACTS

Through our PERSONAL SERVICE dedicated to the promotion of friendships. Discriminating clientele without regard to religious affiliation. Vast New York City membership. Personal introductions.

Write or telephone: GRACE BOWES

AMERICAN SERVICE
236-AM West 70th St., New York City
TELEPHONE ENDICOTT 2-4680

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free.
Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
Send postcard for our free catalogue. Thousands of bargains. Address:
HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk M-581, GIRARD, KANSAS

THE CONTRIBUTORS

As international lawyer, statesman, editor and cinematographer, HENRY TORRÈS has been close to the political life of his native France for more than two decades. He is France's outstanding criminal lawyer, celebrated for his successful defense of Schwartzbard, who assassinated Petliura, and for his more recent defense of the boy Grynszpan, whose assassination of a minor Nazi official unloosed a cyclone of anti-Semitic violence in Germany. Torrès left his country after the Armistice and crossed to Brazil, where he taught in the law schools of Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo. He is now in America.

PRINCE HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN, a prominent anti-Nazi German, lectures under auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Now at Adelphi College, he will go later this Fall to Syracuse and Rutgers Universities. He has just completed a novel, the background of which is Germany during and after the first World War.

A new and modest note in autobiography comes from WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE: "I'm afraid I'm a bit out of place among the MERCURY's list of distinguished contributors. I'm just a guy who went to the University of Alabama, got a job working for the Birmingham *Post*, then quit and founded three weekly papers and a printing business, which my younger brother operates. Occasionally I do an honest day's work, but mostly I just ramble around or sit in my house on the Tennessee River, drink good whiskey and write pieces which some editor may or may not buy." Bill is twenty-nine and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

comes from good Alabama pioneer stock. Currently, he's writing his first book, *Mud On The Stars*, a novel about a soldier in the new American Army.

Two other newspapermen are represented in this month's list. JAMES R. YOUNG, former chief of the INS bureau in Tokyo, became a virtual international incident when he was jailed for writing the truth about the war attitude of the Japanese. BLAIR BOLLES, young Washington political writer, examines the national political scene for the *Star*.

Former newspaperwoman GERALDINE SARTAIN is a California girl who has worked for papers in San Francisco, Honolulu, Shanghai, Paris and New York. She is the wife of Carl M. Baumhart, staff member of the *American Weekly*. Also on the distaff side in November MERCURY is ELSIE MCCORMICK (Mrs. Marshall Dunn), who was born, as was Miss Sartain, in San Francisco and worked in Shanghai for the same paper. A free-lance writer, she has traveled in thirty-one countries.

VALERIU MARCU writes simply: "I was born in Rumania, 1899, and used to stay in Germany until Hitler came to power. Afterward, I made my home in France." For three years he has been working on a book called *The Legend of the Proletariat*. When the war is over, he wants to go to Berlin and publish a book titled *America: Wonder and Reality*.

FREER STALNAKER is a MERCURY discovery and *The Victor* is his second published story. GAYNOR MADDOX got his startling news about the food revolution as an official delegate to President Roosevelt's recent National Nutrition Conference for Defense. Maddox is head of the Department of Journalism at Long Island University and is NEA's food and markets editor.

"A MUST BOOK FOR AMERICAN LIBERALS"
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE RED DECADE

The Stalinist Penetration of America

By EUGENE LYONS

"For those genuinely interested in the defense of democracy a more important and timelier book could hardly be published." — Max Eastman, *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

"A record at once brilliant, thorough and valuable, of one of the strangest lapses into utopianism that ever afflicted a large part of the American intelligentsia." — William Henry Chamberlin, *Saturday Review*.

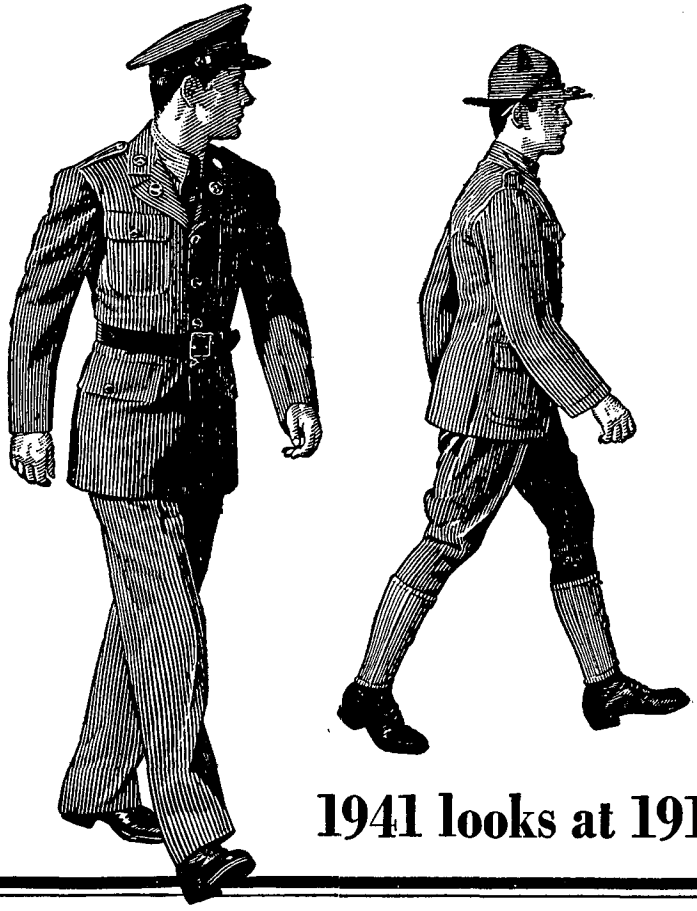
"Eugene Lyons has performed a valuable public service by writing *The Red Decade*. A 'must' book." — George E. Sokolsky, *N. Y. Sun*. $3.00

At all bookstores, or the publishers

BOBBS-MERRILL

INDIANAPOLIS ● NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1941 looks at 1916

THINGS have changed a lot in 25 years and yet there is much that is the same.

In 1916 it was Preparedness; in 1941, National Defense. But now the scale is bigger, the pace faster. There was pressure on the telephone business then. The pressure is infinitely greater now. New training camps; new aviation fields; new munitions plants—all need telephones. Every one is moving faster and when a Nation hurries it does it by telephone. The Bell System spent 94 millions on new construction in 1916. It is spending more than 420 millions in 1941.

The entire Bell System organization is giving "first call" to defense. We believe you would want it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"The Telephone Hour" is broadcast every Monday evening over the N.B.C. Red Network.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUME LIII NOVEMBER, 1941 NUMBER 215

The American
MERCURY

THE COMING FRENCH REVOLUTION

By Henry Torrès

Like war or peace, resistance must be prepared in advance. For sixteen months, since the defeat and the armistice, France has been preparing. Today she is ready, and awaits only favorable circumstances to make the national will manifest in action. It took some time before the people, stunned by the sudden collapse of their country, realized that Marshal Pétain was not a focus of resistance, but merely the figurehead behind whom Laval's and Puchen's gangs of politicians and profiteers were engaging in shameful traffic with the conqueror.

The more melodramatic aspects of the resistance are receiving ample attention in the press. The Germans can no longer conceal the extent of anti-Nazi terrorist and sabotage acts, nor the ferocity of the reprisals. The growing number of executions and the mounting brutality of all other countermeasures, indeed, suggest a sense of alarm verging on panic spreading among the conquerors. The Marshal's pathetic and futile appeal to the French people to desist from opposition in order to avoid Nazi vengeance amounts to a public admission of serious trouble under the policed surface.

These things are in the headlines of American and other free newspapers. They are surface bubbles. More significant, if less dramatic, is the hot lava underneath. It is with the basic sentiments of the French people, embracing all parties, classes and faiths, that this article will deal. The division of France into two zones separated

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the demarcation line, which long frustrated all efforts to stimulate and coordinate resistance, no longer suffices to destroy or disperse the moral forces of the nation. The movement is no longer limited to any special group — it is now truly national.

The country's revolt against oppression is inspired not so much by the material hardships imposed on the vanquished, but by a moral impulsion toward honor and dignity which bears witness to France's refusal to surrender. Everywhere people grimly vie with one another in spontaneous acts of heroism and self-sacrifice. Every young worker who learned in his school days to love freedom and his fatherland feels just as responsible for the future and honor of France as General de Gaulle himself.

The Germans still enjoy the support of their own former agents, a few snobs of the Faubourg St. Germain who despise democracy and worship brute force, a few politicians deeply compromised by previous deals with the enemy, a few businessmen who have taken over Jewish enterprises, and that strange company of unemployed and ruffians recruited in the lower depths by Jacques Doriot, former General Secretary of the Communist Party. To this list Vichy can add only a few country squires nostalgic for feudalism, a few army men and police officials whose worship of discipline causes them to confuse the State with the Nation, and the new bureaucrats hired by Darlan.

On the other side of the barricades is France.

While the whole nation struggles to defend its soul and does not give the Gestapo a moment's respite, the great writers who are the pride of French letters refuse to make the slightest concession to the enemy. Only Victor Margueritte, specialist in sex literature; Henri Béraud, who specializes in anglophobia; the Fascist Drieu La Rochelle; and the former communist fellow-traveller, Luc Durtain, have responded to the Nazi advances. They count for little beside literary figures like François Mauriac, Paul Claudel, Louis Gillet, André Rousseaux, André Thérive, André Gide, Roger Martin du Gard, Georges Duhamel and Paul Valéry, who remain faithful to the spirit of France.

The whole body of university and school teachers, both religious and secular, presents one solid front. Professor Roussy, former Rector of the University of Paris; Professor Dupuis, former director of the École Normale Supérieure; Professor Georges Dumas, one of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the glories of French science, have taken a courageous stand in these difficult circumstances. Professor Rivet, former director of the Museum of Anthropology, last winter and spring published clandestine pamphlets in occupied Paris which will stand forever as evidence of French honor during the war. These men are typical of their colleagues. Showing the same courage, a group of Catholic teachers published a pamphlet refuting Alfred Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century*, with its neo-pagan literary lucubrations. They also published Pius XI's encyclical against racism — illegally, for religious texts are banned by the government.

Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons and Primate of France, is the inspirer of this spiritual resistance, despite his intimacy with Marshal Pétain. Monseigneur Saliège, archbishop of Toulouse, wrote in January:

> At present the future of the Christian spirit is in danger, perhaps for centuries to come. Many Catholics and priests do not seem to realize this. I have seized this opportunity to warn and admonish them *ex cathedra*. The dignity of Man and the rights granted him by his Creator; the dignity of labor which cannot be bought; the dignity of the family whose purpose is not merely to breed children; the dignity of the Fatherland which is the work of God, but not an object of idolatry — all these must not disappear from France.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Monseigneur Saliège ordered that a prayer be read from the pulpit of the Cathedral of Toulouse, including these moving words:

> Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on France which loves Thee and is loved by Thee. Grant her leaders a clear perception of their Christian mission in the world and the conviction that France's fate is bound up with that of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore Thee, let not the great soul of France become the prey of error, iniquity and brutality in a world from which Thy word has been banished.

The bishop of Montauban, who exercises his ministry in a southern region which was the scene of bitter religious wars in the seventeenth century, exhorted the clergy of his diocese to pray with redoubled ardor for the salvation of imperiled France. "Though the Marshal deserves high esteem and confidence," he said, "he is nevertheless ill-advised. I shall refrain from insinuation. I shall say openly what I know to be true, and I have irrefutable proof of my assertions. The appointment of Admiral Darlan is a fatal mistake for our country."

On May 18, the day after a bomb explosion in front of the Marseille synagogue caused by Doriot's henchmen, who later re-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peated this gallant exploit in Vichy and Nice, the Bishop of Marseille, Monseigneur Delay, wrote the following letter to Rabbi Salzer:

> I am impelled to express to you the indignation I felt when I learned of last night's cowardly and criminal attack on the synagogue of Marseille. Every religious person must raise his voice against such a crime, and every Frenchman who longs for that social peace so necessary in our present unhappy circumstances, must condemn it and pray for its prompt punishment. Please accept, Monsieur le Grand Rabbin, the assurance of my high consideration.

In Alsace-Lorraine, where the lower clergy had often favored the separatist agitation, inspired by Germany, in spite of the patriotic exhortations of Monseigneur Ruch, Bishop of Strasbourg, the reaction of Catholic circles against Nazi oppression is today unanimous. The Germans swooped down upon Alsace-Lorraine as upon a prostrate prey. Vichy uttered not a protest, although they glorified treason, attacked faith, and drove a hundred thousand Lorrainers from their homes. As a result, even those elements of the population who, after 1918, had fought against the French spirit and laws in the name of an intransigent regionalism, embraced the cause of France. In vain have the Germans filled prisons and concentration camps and sent innumerable victims to the gallows. Every Sunday, the *curés* of Alsace-Lorraine mount their pulpits to extol the resistance of their faithful flocks. On Saint Joan of Arc's Day, the priest in a small Lorraine town explained in a sermon, carefully stressing each word:

> It has become customary recently to recall the fact that Joan of Arc fought the English. This is of course true, and it was natural; the English had then attacked and invaded France. Joan fought them as she would have fought against any invader.

Militant Catholic youth groups meet in secret throughout France. The Catholic students of Lyons staged a demonstration in front of the American Consulate to acclaim President Roosevelt, and circulated a petition in his honor throughout the southeast. At the opening performance of an obscene German film, they organized so violent a protest that the picture was withdrawn. These are no more than items in a lengthening account.

Temps Nouveaux, a magazine which succeeded *Temps Présent* and represents Dominican tendencies, was suppressed recently, but not before its courageous editor-in-chief, Stanislas Fumet, had recorded his vigorous detestation of the enemy. The Jesuits have not lagged behind the Dominicans. At the Church of Saint Louis, in Vichy, Father Dillard preached

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the spiritual aspects of collaborationism, which had previously been condemned by a congress of Jesuit war veterans in Lyons. A few days after the ban on *Temps Nouveaux*, the monthly magazine *Esprit* suffered a similar fate. Although this periodical disclaimed official connection with the Church, under the leadership of its editor, Emanuel Mounier, it was dominated by Catholic influences. For eight years it had been one of the most representative of the publications expressing the French religious revival.

The almost unanimous Catholic opposition to Hitlerism in France is both important in itself and highly revealing of the general sentiment, since Catholic influence and leadership cuts right across social groupings. No one familiar with the French people will make the mistake of underestimating this element in the national resistance.

II

Protestant ministers react with no less vigor against the attempt to poison the French soul with Nazi doctrines. In recent weeks, in a Calvinist church in Nice, a minister renowned for his eloquence, flayed racism in those indignant accents which this heinous doctrine arouses in all decent men. After the horrifying racial laws were announced by the Vichy government, Marc Boegner, President of the National Council of Protestant Churches, wrote from Nîmes to the Grand Rabbi of France a letter which began thus:

> The National Council of Protestant Churches of France has just held its first meeting since the promulgation of the law of October 1, 1940. They have asked me to convey to you their painful feelings at the introduction of racial laws in our country and at the sight of the innumerable miseries and injustices imposed upon the Jews in France. . . . *Our Church has already taken definite steps and will continue to work for the revision of the law.*

Inspired by this example, the Protestant ministers have become so active in their resistance that some of them were interned at Vals-les-Bains for publishing a manifesto which Vichy, in its ineptitude, declared was of communist origin.

The bar, always a great moral force in France, has kept its spirit intact. Jacques Charpentier, president of the Paris Bar Association, has taken a stand against oppression and ardently defends traditional French freedom of speech.

All political parties have been dissolved. But their members are still in contact with each other, not for the purpose of sterile political agitation, which would be out of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place, but to organize resistance, even at the cost of their lives, as did Dormoy. Fearless editors have joined in this undertaking, publishing such periodicals as *Le Lorrain*, weekly organ of the émigrés from Alsace-Lorraine in unoccupied France; *La Libération*, underground paper for the South, which publishes long communications from Alsace-Lorraine and shames the silence of Vichy; *Le Pantagruel*, anti-collaborationist journal published illegally in Paris; and *La Liberté*, a democratic newspaper printed illegally in the unoccupied zone.

Champetier de Ribes, deputy and ex-Minister, equally popular in Catholic and veterans' circles, has assumed leadership of a group of Catholics, openly fighting collaboration and the government that practices it. Louis Marin, the incorruptible deputy of Meurthe-et-Moselle, who embodies the traditions of Déroulède and Poincaré, is one of the most energetic "resisters." Jean Lebas, ex-Minister and Deputy from the Department of Le Nord, opposed the occupation authorities in his district with such vigor that, last June, he and his son were arrested and have never since been heard from. Léonce Corabe, correspondent for the "Journal de Strasbourg," was sent to a concentration camp in Germany for having publicly protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Edouard Herriot, President of the Chamber of Deputies, one of the most typical representatives of the French spirit, braved reprisals when he recently published a magnificent article in the AMERICAN MERCURY, in which he declared his faith in the democratic institutions of the United States and Great Britain and his certainty in the rebirth of France.

In labor circles and working-class organizations, resistance is unanimous, resolute and ardent. The Union of Christian Workers, one of the most active centers of struggle, collaborates with the General Confederation of Labor (CGT), which is still functioning although the government officially dissolved it. Together, they have organized underground branches all over France. Both the Catholics and the CGT have signed the Manifesto of the Twelve, a document expressing the common protest of all workers' organizations.

Dumoulin, Vigne and Kléber Legeay, delegates of the Miners' Union and old-time defeatists who have become creatures of the Vichymen, started a collaborationist newspaper called the *Atelier*. They were unanimously expelled

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the Miners' Union and the regional federations to which they belonged. No Catholic worker will work for this newspaper, boycotted by the whole French working class.

Dumoulin, secretary of the regional Federation of Unions in Lille, for many years shared with Belin, Pétain's Minister of Labor, the leadership of the pacifist group in the French trade union movement. Upon his return from Paris where he had been in contact with the German authorities, he was immediately expelled from his office by his comrades. Guilloton, who succeeded him, advised him not to show himself at workers' meetings where he would be in danger of violence from the indignant workers.

Side by side with the Catholics, trade unions (including the non-political unions), socialists and unorganized workers, the communists are now, belatedly, playing a part in working-class resistance. Starting with shameless defeatism in the first stage, hesitant and confused in their attitude after that, they have, since June 22, which is to say since the German attack on Russia, become ardent and fanatical in fighting the enemy. But the import of their present cooperation is weakened by the memory of their previous behavior toward the national danger. The socialists and Catholics have profited from the loss of the communists' influence among the workers. Just as Great Britain fights at Russia's side, but not for Russia, so the immense majority of French workers fight side by side with the communists, but not for communism.

"I am not a communist!" proudly exclaimed Paul Colette to the police who questioned him. "I am only a Frenchman who believes in his country." Nor were those young patriots communists who, as early as November 1940, organized an attempt upon the life of Pierre Laval in the occupied zone near the demarcation line, of which the news has just leaked out because Vichy suppressed it.

But the people of France rely more upon themselves than on parties, trade unions and organizations. Spontaneously, in every city, in every town, in every village, the threads of secret organizations are woven, and slowly the network spreads over whole regions. Direct action is gaining ground because courage and spirit are not enough against the Nazi enemy. Resistance is most vigorous in the North, in Normandy and in Brittany, crushed under the heel of the conqueror. An implacable struggle against the occupation authorities is cease-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lessly carried on. When the RAF bombs invasion bases at Lille, Dunkerque, Calais, Brest and Saint-Nazaire, the population flaunts "V" signs everywhere and waves handkerchiefs to show its joy.

"If the conditions of the armistice compel you to quarter the army of occupation, nothing compels you to provide them with comfort. Far from it, everything compels you to do the opposite, while your own children lack milk, sugar and butter." Thus spoke a Breton priest. And he added: "If anyone intends to denounce me, I am here informing him that I am going to return to my vicarage right now to await the Germans."

On June 11, Saint Joan's day, a hundred thousand Parisians assembled in the Place de L'Opéra and sang the Marseillaise. At Nantes, the crowd placed flowers on the graves of English soldiers. On the Riviera, the tricolor was flown with the Union Jack. In Bordeaux, the people booed Mayor Marquet who, with Déat and Laval, is one of the most shameless advocates of collaboration.

In the villages, where the mayors, despite the pressure of the occupation authorities or the Vichy government, rally all the forces of resistance in the community around the mayoralties, "guerilla" activities are under way every minute. For the time being it is taking an economic form, with the peasants using every kind of rustic trick and showing the proverbial shrewdness of Jacques Bonhomme to keep the enemy from getting the provender he needs, just as the workers strain every nerve to prevent him from getting the necessary labor for his war industries.

Every day the movement grows stronger, irresistible. In vain have Himmler's Gestapo and Darlan's police combined forces. In vain do they throw tens of thousands of patriots, guilty only of the "crime of hope," to use General de Gaulle's phrase, into prison cells; in vain have they raised guillotines; in vain do the firing squads sputter their sinister tune. Unknown heroes, anonymous martyrs, are arising from the depths of the nation. All France is aroused. General de Gaulle, who was the first to step forward to serve her, save her and avenge her, is today more than her leader; he is the symbol of her best self, of the coming revolution against the conquerors and the vandals.

Refusal to accept defeat is the beginning of victory. Victory is on its way.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ *Petticoat rule through fiscal control is just another myth.*

DO THE WOMEN OWN AMERICA?

By Geraldine Sartain

So we women are about to rule the roost! That's what the big business boys would have us believe. For some time now, they've been subtly creating that impression by dint of pontifical statements and slick press releases.

"The country is headed straight for a matriarchy," they declaim solemnly. "By the year 2025 the women will control all the nation's wealth and become the real rulers of America. Already women own 70 per cent of the wealth, control 47 per cent of the stocks, inherit 80 per cent of the life insurance and own 65 per cent of the savings accounts. Most significant of all, they buy 80 per cent of the consumer goods, thus deciding how the nation shall eat, dress and live."

Well, what if we do? When the present war ends, our percentage may be even higher, for new defense-and-war-boom millions are in the making. But we women probably won't exercise enough authority to swing the management curve a hair's breadth on the business graphs. All this matriarchal ballyhoo is only a gallant and profitable gesture on the part of the males. They've invented the pretty extravaganza in order to beguile us into investing our cash in their goods.

Hear a business man sniggering. His wife owns $10,000 worth of stock in an oil company. "You know, Grace is a great one," he brags. "She ran out of gas twice last week rather than buy a gallon from a competitor. So I sent a memo to our advertising agency to push stock sales among women. It's great for business." Or listen to one of the advertising fraternity first-hand. "Direct your sales appeal to the women," he counsels. "Never let them forget that they're the nation's shoppers. Woo their interest."

One great oil company follows this literally. It shoots all its advertising at women. The tobacco companies race neck-and-neck with their "feminine appeal" ads. And a brand new series of ads by one of the large motor companies heralds: "This is not 'A Man's World' by a

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long shot! It's the women of the country who determine what needs the engineers and car designers must meet." That's the simple principle the promotion boys have gotten hold of. And they've been selling "feminine control" and the "matriarchy" so hard that huge slices of the population believe them.

One of the most engaging devices is to issue "surveys" that play subtly upon the gullibility of Mrs. Average Woman. The original "survey" masterpiece that started the whole matriarchal flurry was given to the world in the pre-crash days by a publicity man for Lawrence Stern and Company, Chicago investment house. It contained that whopper about women controlling 70 per cent of the wealth of the country. Later the daring young man's seniors acknowledged the incompleteness of his data. But by that time the story had a good head start. Promotion departments and stock-selling puff sheets seized on it. The average reader swallowed it whole. Great food, railroad and utility companies released reams of persuasive copy, such as:

> Women constitute umpteen per cent of its investors, the Careful Syndicate announced today. Women are not only thriftily saving a little out of their household budgets each month to buy our securities directly, but they are exercising more influence over the investments of their husbands.

There's another angle to this. If Mrs. Housewife even owns one share of utility stock, she's not apt to emit anguished cries at the size of her monthly gas and electric bills. Isn't she getting dividends?

General Foods fathered the widely used story that 41 per cent of the stockholders of the large corporations were women. Vice-President Verne Burnett afterwards said the study was made "in order to build good will by knocking the popular notion that only a few persons run the big companies." But what the company carefully didn't mention was that the comparative *value* of the women's holdings was quite a different matter.

Frazier-Jelke, a brokerage house, joined the procession, its compilation showing that 49 per cent of the stockholders in twenty-seven representative companies were on the distaff side. This looked astonishing at first glance, as did the fact that American Telephone and Telegraph was ladies' choice with 56 per cent of its then 657,465 stockholders feminine. So were General Motors, with 47 per cent nominal feminine ownership; Guaranty Trust, 33 per cent; General

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Electric, 50 per cent; Atchison-Topeka, 50 per cent; American Tobacco, 43 per cent and so on. At intervals similar "survey" stories bob up.

But these figures aren't as important as they seem. The facts are never sufficient to support the implications. A corporation head usually makes the weighty pronouncement (via a publicity department), editors play it up in top position and magazine writers grind out another dainty bit of fluff about ladies running the show. One propaganda organization, the Women Investors in America, went even further. It startled the country with full-page ads about the coming matriarchy; and its director, Cathrine Curtis, wrote and talked far and wide upon petticoat domination.

All of these high-pressure stock-selling puffs, however, gracefully overlook two very important questions: What actual percentage of stocks do those hordes of lady stockholders own, and what real voting control do they exercise?

II

To these questions Mary Sidney Branch gives authoritative answers in her study, *Women and Wealth.* She completely explodes the promotion boys' thesis by revealing that although females comprise 43 per cent of the owners of large corporations, they own *only 22 per cent of the stock*, and that "their representation in management is insignificant." Once in a while a financial writer, more realistic than his fellows, gives away the game. One such recently lamented:

> It is unfortunate that women's acquisition of valuable earning assets tends to widen the already great gap between management and ownership of industrial enterprises.

An unsentimental financier will occasionally shatter the delusions of the innocent outsider, too. The head of one great Wall Street house admitted privately:

> Women have very little to say about the economic affairs of the country, and will continue to have little influence as long as we remain an industrial nation.

He said that headlines about the election of an occasional woman to an important directorate fooled the average newspaper reader. Actually, less than half a dozen women in the country sit on important boards, so each new one causes a flutter of interest. In reality, these are usually pure courtesy elections. For instance, Mrs. Marjorie Post Hutton Davies, daughter of the Post-Toasties fortune, is a director of General Foods, and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. William Boyce Thompson is a director of the Newmont Mining Company. These women seldom even attend board meetings. Control lies with one of the world's largest banking houses, and trustees and lawyers represent the ladies.

The recent election of Senator Robert Wagner's niece, Evelyn Wagner, as a director of the Pennsylvania Exchange Bank in New York is one of the shining exceptions to this rule. A Trenton, New Jersey, bank has a woman president — Mrs. Mary G. Roebling — who also provides an exception, as do the bank directorships held by a scattering of other ladies throughout the country. These unusual women have proved their competency by long careers in business and finance.

It's true that we women are inheriting vast sums on the insurance, bank-deposit and real-estate fronts. Officials of Metropolitan Life estimated that 80 per cent of the insurance in force at the end of 1939 was payable to women. And Mutual Savings Bank officials hazard the guess that women were in the majority among their 45,791,265 depositors at the end of 1940, though they have no idea which sex has the larger treasure. New York probates for a recent period showed that 50 out of 79 men's estates and 44 out of 69 women's estates were left to women. Nevertheless, spokesmen of the National Association of Life Insurance Presidents, of Mutual Savings Banks and great realty groups, break into engaging laughter when anyone mentions "control" of all these holdings by the women having title to them.

In the case of insurance and other investments, husbands are becoming more sold every year on leaving instalment rather than lump-sum payments. The trust fund idea has spread. The girls have a checkrein on them, and that rein is in the hands of men.

As for bank deposits — the mere preponderance of women depositors proves nothing. Thousands of home-making women do the banking as a matter of convenience during the working hours of the wage-earning male. In both the bank-deposit and realty fields, thousands of men list holdings in women's names for ulterior purposes: to write off stock losses by fake transfers; to salvage something before bankruptcy; to dodge income taxes. The ladies concerned play a purely passive part in these transactions.

There's no intent here to minimize Madame Capitalist's holdings, only to assay the "significance"

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commonly attached to them. The National Industrial Conference Board, in its most recent appraisal, estimated the collective riches of American women in 1929 at $210,000,000,000 out of a total of $353,000,000,000. The total bulk sounds stupendous — but it's a false front. Most of woman's stake is not only unearned, but is controlled by the male. Man has piled it into her lap, but has parted with none of his traditional authority over it. Feminine control is so negligible, indeed, that such great fact-gathering organizations as the National Industrial Conference Board and Standard Statistics report no studies along this line have been made. Ferdinand Lundberg calls women "social pensioners." In *America's Sixty Families* he writes:

> In most cases the present generation in possession of immense resources has simply inherited. This fact is emphasized so that the most unperceptive can see it by the number of women regnant over stupendous incomes, although they have never engaged in finance, industry or commerce, have never invented anything, have never played any role whatever in production.

Dr. George Gallup, research and poll expert, and Harriet Stanton Blatch, lecturer and reformer, have written that women's wealth gives them no particular economic power. Mary Beard, who has analyzed also the place of women in American life, goes even further. She says men's dominance is so widespread in every sphere that women are "lost to history."

In any generation, only a few women would know what to do with a fortune if they were permitted to toss it around for profit. Hetty Green was an exception; but does anyone expect those twenty-eight-year-old darlings of the Sunday supplements, Doris Duke Cromwell and Barbara Hutton von Haugwitz-Reventlow, to snatch time from their jauntings to watch the balance sheets or plan company mergers?

Between Hetty Green's era and that of the Hutton-Duke inheritances, other large estates passed to women. Among those fortunes were the Harkness, $107,000,000; the Moses Taylor and William B. Ward, each more than $100,000,000; the Harry Payne Whitney, $62,000,000; the Payne Whitney, $200,000,000; and Andrew Carnegie, too large to estimate. But among the twenty-three women of vast opulence listed in a *Fortune* survey only one, Mrs. Matilda Rausch Dodge Wilson, widow of the late John F. Dodge, is well known in financial circles. Wall Street calls Mrs. Wilson America's Number One woman banker.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the halls of business, the Elizabeth Ardens and Alice Foote Macdougalls who pile up cold-cream and tea-room fortunes are so few that they've been touted as news for years. And Josephine Roche, owner and operator of a mine and former member of the Roosevelt Little Cabinet, was such a rarity in the capital-goods line that the newspapers and magazines rang with accounts of her career.

Spreaders of the petticoat-rule myth have encouraged the delusion that the leisure-class wife or widow wields most of the financial power of American womanhood. Actually, the 11,000,000-odd women in this country who are gainfully employed exert far greater monetary influence. Many are the sole earning heads of households; all of them play a more direct part in American economy than the yacht-club girls or the housewives.

Few of these business and professional women, however, are in the higher-salary brackets that thousands of men achieve. The American Women's Association, surveying its membership recently, found that only 2 per cent of that well-educated, handpicked section of the feminine population were independently established, while only 3 per cent of the salaried women had arrived at executive business posts as stockbrokers, accountants, bank executives, financial experts or leaders in other comparable pursuits. The majority of the entire salaried group fell into the $2000-to-$2500-a-year category.

Does this look as though women were amassing such wealth and influence that the whole race of men should start quaking in their board rooms? What it really shows is the secondary role played by the feminine sex in our economic structure. And other wage statistics tell the same story. In twenty-five manufacturing industries surveyed by the National Industrial Conference Board in October 1940, the average weekly earnings of women stood at $18.02, compared with $32.11 for males. Who is dominant?

III

The other reason for man's fears is woman's supposed domination of the buying economy. We are said to be getting the upper hand because we spend 80 per cent of the family income. Here, again, countless fancy selling talks have put a false though gilded front on the commonplace function of womankind: carrying home the bathroom mat and the alligator pears. Advertisers are trying to corner a

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

share of the billions spent by women for living essentials out of America's annual pay envelope. So they tout her as the ruler of production.

"What if she does influence trends in production?" asks Daniel Starch, market analyst. "Can that possibly be construed as giving her financial control of the country?" Every homemaker knows she's only the quartermaster of her army corps, not the general; that wifehood bestows on her the duties of the purchasing agent, not the rights of the staff commander. She understands, clearly enough, that she spends the household money under her husband's general, if not specific control.

Her word isn't always law about what products to buy, either. One New York research organization — Crossley Incorporated — has actually discovered that advertisers would be smart to woo the fathers of the American family for a change. Crossley interviewed 737 women and found many of their husbands asking for special brands in fields ranging from the morning cereals and coffee to mouthwash, bread, dog food and even furniture polish. Professor Harry W. Hepner of Syracuse University and Percival White's Market Research Corporation of America, both of whom studied male and female influence on shopping, found that men dominate the buying scene completely when it comes to automobiles, radios, refrigerators and all goods that might be mechanically baffling to the female. Certainly it is still the sole masculine prerogative to buy the yachts, engines, industrial machinery, steel rails, destroyers and bombing planes with which our civilization invests itself.

Of course, our sex has made some leaps toward economic freedom since Godey's Lady's Book was daring intellectual fare. But the rights of men have altered very little. They still direct the show. Personally, I believe they needn't run up the white flag until a woman says a Mass or mans the bridge of an Atlantic liner.

Even in the hallowed days of the early matriarchy, the matriarch had little to do with real rule. Her sole authority was in the tracing of descent. As long as there was absolute certitude about the maternal line there could be no rude jests about paternity, and the entire male sex saved itself from embarrassing conjectures.

So even the matriarchy itself turns out to have been a felicitous device of that rake-hell, the male.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good work, Lindchen!"

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOUTH KILLS ANOTHER NEGRO

By William Bradford Huie

You never heard of Roosevelt Wilson. I never saw him more than twice. But Roosevelt Wilson continues to disturb me. Whenever I try to feel that I am an honest and self-assured supporter of the American Dream, Roosevelt Wilson perches on my shoulder, laughs sardonically, and reminds me that I am just another lousy compromiser; that once when I had my chance to strike a blow in defense of the Great Dream, I turned aside with the Pontius Pilates and whimpered: "What the hell can I do?"

To understand Roosevelt Wilson you'll have to visualize the loneliest, most insignificant human being in the world. The cipher in a social system. He never knew who his mother was. He just appeared as a nameless black brat in a cotton patch. He breathed. He grew. He chopped cotton for bread. He stole. And somebody, somewhere, labeled him Roosevelt Wilson. Think of him as a black, burr-headed creature who could not have felt superior to a hound dog, and whose death would not have brought a waft of regret across any heart in America.

When I first heard of Roosevelt Wilson he was a dog being chased by other dogs. He was a scurrying black animal to be shot on sight and left naked to rot in a ditch and be picked by buzzards. He had raped a white woman in a potato patch at Bug Tussle, and bloodhounds and a posse were chasing him. It is the old familiar fabric to every Southern reporter, so I methodically ground out eight paragraphs on The Chase. And when the black quarry had been captured by a sheriff and "spirited away for safekeeping," I ground out two editorial paragraphs congratulating the sheriff for preserving Alabama's proud record of not having had a lynching in three years.

When I arrived at the county courthouse to cover the trial, there was nothing unusual about the scene. The AP reporter and I sat in a dysentery parlor across the street, drank coffee, griped about the assignment, and hoped Justice

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would act swiftly so we could get back to Birmingham before night.

There were two or three thousand people massed in the streets leading up to the courthouse square. A scattering of sticks and shotguns. Two companies of National Guardsmen had mounted machine guns around the courthouse and an officer with a loudspeaker kept issuing warnings forbidding anyone to cross the street to the courthouse. Only those who had stood in line and obtained tickets for the two hundred seats in the courtroom were allowed to pass into the courthouse, and these — both men and women — were searched for weapons. The scene in the courtroom was usual for such trials. State police and Guardsmen, armed with sidearms and nightsticks, were stationed around the walls and in the aisles.

The jury had been selected when I seated myself at the table which the sheriff had hastened to provide for the two out-of-town reporters. We had not been expected. It was a routine trial. We would not have been sent to cover it except for a dull news week. The jurors were farmers and townsmen and I observed that they appeared more intelligent than the average Alabama jury. This was because the verdict was a foregone conclusion and thus counsel had not made the usual effort to strike the more intelligent men but had simply taken the first twelve in the venire.

I looked across at the plaintiff. She was a husky, loose-jointed farm woman, perhaps thirty, with big, red hands, big feet, and a matted mass of blonde hair which some amateur barber had chopped squarely and roughly off. She reminded me of a gangling battle-axe I had once seen in a brothel whom the Madam used only as a shock trooper to take on the heavier and more bellicose clients who came in very late and very drunk. The two great press services drily agreed that young Roosevelt had shown damn poor taste in his selection of a Queen Bee worthy of his life.

Next to the plaintiff sat her husband, a burly farmer whose cheap clothes were much too small for his bulging muscles and whose flushed face gave evidence of the great rage pent up inside him. Around the two sat an imposing array of counsel for the state. The Attorney-General himself was on hand, his hackles up, and issuing brash statements by the bucketful. Every elected prosecutor in district and county was present, with assistants and volunteers, to see that swift justice was done. Such a case provides rare political opportunity and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every attorney who plans to run for office rushes in to participate gratis in the prosecution and make a hell-raising speech to the jury.

You had to look at counsel for the defense to appreciate the contrast. These two lawyers had been appointed by the Court, their names drawn from a box containing a list of all practicing members of the bar. Fate had frowned on poor Roosevelt again. For he had drawn a couple of old men who had no stomach for trial procedure. They were in mortal fear the populace would get the idea that they had willingly taken Roosevelt's case and that they believed him innocent. Before the trial began, one of them rose and addressed the Court.

"Your Honor," he stammered, "to avoid any misconceptions here, my colleague and I would like you to explain publicly that we have been drafted by the Court to safeguard the constitutional rights of the defendant and that no sympathy for this defendant is implied by our actions."

This the judge did solemnly in the presence of the jury. But still the old fuddy-duddies weren't satisfied. They came over to us and requested we make clear in our stories that they were appearing only in compliance with constitutional requirement. The judge, a grayish politician of about sixty, tried nervously to rush the procedure. He wanted the trial over and the defendant safely back in state prison by nightfall.

There was a rumble in the courtroom. The big coppers and the Guardsmen hefted their nightsticks. You could feel the hackles rise and the hate charge the air. The defendant was trudging in with an escort of troopers. I gave him an unconcerned and half-amused glance and jotted down a note. Barefooted. Faded and patched pair of blue overalls and jumper. Hundred and thirty pounds. Five feet six. Burr-headed bastard. The troopers handcuffed him to a chair directly in front of us. With the trial about to start, his attorneys spoke contemptuously to him. It was the first time, apparently, that they had seen him.

"What's ya' name, boy?"

"Ruseyvelt Wilson."

"How old are ya?"

"Ah thinks ah's twenty-two."

Then they sat back and were ready. They assumed the defendant had no witnesses and that he should be pleaded not guilty so as to be certain of the death penalty.

The state called the plaintiff and recorded her story. Her husband had been off working in another county. While she was digging

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

potatoes in one of the more remote fields, the nigger had sneaked out of the thicket and accosted her with a shotgun. He had threatened to kill her if she didn't go into the thicket and submit to him. So, with a choice between death and such a sacrifice, she had complied with his demands. After he had run off, she had heard the yells of some women looking for her, and she had rushed to them and reported the crime.

The defense cross-examined softly and sympathetically. "Not that we doubt your story, m'am," they explained, "but just for the record." The plaintiff agreed that the nigger had laid down his gun before the rape occurred, but the judge promptly explained to the jury that she had already been intimidated with the gun and was thus in mortal fear for her life even though the gun had been cast aside. The irreverent AP cocked an eyebrow and shook his head. The plaintiff weighed a good thirty pounds more than the defendant and could obviously have smacked him silly when he laid the gun down.

Then followed a succession of witnesses who established that the defendant had run when approached by the posse, that he carried the gun, and that he had resisted arrest. Two women testified to the nervous state of the plaintiff after the crime.

II

At the noon recess I overheard a conversation between Roosevelt and his attorneys. They were telling him that there would be no need for him to take the stand, that it would be best just to submit the case when the state closed. But Roosevelt objected.

"Naw, suh, boss," he said. "De truf aint being tole heah. Ah got to git up deah an' tell de truf. Ef dey kills me, ah got to git up deah an' tell de truf."

Believe me, it was no noble motive which inspired my intervention. I only wanted to blow up a dull story. I stepped up and said: "That's right, Roosevelt. If they're not telling the truth, you get up there and tell it. They've got to listen to you." The lawyers then admitted to him that "of course, the court couldn't deny him his constitutional right to testify in his own defense," but his testimony would do no good. When they had gone, I stepped back in and gave Roosevelt some more encouragement.

"Get in there and give it to them straight, Roosevelt," I said. Then, in that burr-headed nigger's face, I

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saw something I didn't want to see. I must have been the first white man ever to have spoken a civil word to him. He reacted like a dog when you pat him on the head. He let down his guard and I saw that he wasn't a nameless animal but a living, breathing, feeling — even aspiring — person. He showed me all the loneliness and fear of his wretched life. The loneliness of the cotton patch and a dog howling under the moon. The loneliness and fear of the swamp with bloodhounds baying. The loneliness and fear of a jail cell and a thunderbolt exploding in your body. I shrugged and turned away quickly.

Shortly after noon the state rested and defense counsel rose to inform the Court solemnly that counsel had advised the defendant not to testify, but that he insisted on his constitutional right. The defense, therefore, was calling the defendant, Roosevelt Wilson, to the stand. If you had struck a match while that nigger was walking to the stand, the courtroom would have exploded. I have never felt such tension, such organized hate focused on one insignificant object. Troopers clutched their nightsticks and the judge unconsciously rapped for order though the room was breathlessly silent.

"Now, Roosevelt, just go ahead and tell your story," defense counsel said. "And make it short." There was no effort to guide his testimony or to help him in any way.

"Well, jedge, it wuz lak dis," he began. "Ah got up dat mawnin' an' ah borr'd Sam Winson's gun to go rabbit-huntin'. Ef Sam wuz heah he'd tell ya ah did. Ah went ovah tow'd de nawth fawty an' ah seed dis lady a-diggin' taters. Ah'd seed her a time o' two befo' an' she'd tole me she wanted a ring ah had. Ah wawked up to her an' ah show'd her de ring an' we tawked a minute. Den ah axed her de question an' she lukked aroun' an' said she wuz willin'. . . ."

The room exploded. In a split second the husband had yanked open his britches and from somewhere under or between his legs had come up with a forty-five. And he had come up shooting. The crowd rioted and the Guardsmen began laying them in the aisles with the nightsticks. Two big troopers jumped on the hate-crazed husband and wrested the gun from him. Two reporters who had been standing up, the better to hear Roosevelt's story, had done a dual jackknife under a table.

It was half an hour before order could be restored. The jury, the husband, and the defendant were

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

removed from the courtroom, and AP and I began burning up the wires with flashes. I asked the judge if he wouldn't have to declare a mistrial. "I suppose I should," he said, "but, hell, we've got to get rid of this mess." He looked as if he were bothered by an offensive odor.

I went in to see Roosevelt, and his lawyers were upbraiding him. "We told you so. We told you not to get up there. Now you see we were right. When court goes back in session, we'll just close the case."

"Naw, suh, boss," Roosevelt objected. "Ah's jest got started good. De whole truf ain't been tole yit."

By now Roosevelt had me pulling for him. "Get back up there, Roosevelt," I told him. "Don't let 'em scare you. Tell it all."

When trial was resumed, the defense apologized profusely and explained again that they had urged the defendant not to testify. Then they moved for a mistrial. The motion was denied and Roosevelt went back to the stand, completely surrounded by troopers. In a deadly silence broken by heavy breathing, he finished the story of a mutual pine-needle affair, hastened near the end by "some women hollerin' fo' dis lady."

The cross-examination thunder began to roll. The prosecutors began jumping and yelling and shaking their fists.

"If you hadn't committed a crime," the Attorney-General bellowed, "why did you run like a scared rabbit when these men found you over there in that field?"

The reply was cool. "Ah seed a buncha men come a-runnin' at me. Dey wuz a-cussin' an' a-shootin'. So ah jest run. Dey kept a-chasin' me, so ah kept runnin'."

For an hour the state battery took turns working out on Roosevelt. They attempted to cross him in every way. But his story never changed. The woman had gone to the woods with him willingly in exchange for the ring he had given her.

During the impassioned oratory to the jury, I convinced myself that the woman — the plaintiff — had smuggled the gun into the courtroom. The husband could hardly have brought it in, for he was the most suspect of all the spectators and two deputies had searched him thoroughly. But the matron admitted her search of the woman had been perfunctory. The plaintiff had known the story the nigger might tell and she had brought the gun in to have her husband kill him before he could tell it.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The jury required four minutes to go out, organize, and bring back death. While it was out, I whispered to the judge: "Judge, I've lived around niggers all my life and if I ever heard one tell the truth, that little bastard was telling it this afternoon, wasn't he?" The judge crouched down low behind his desk, nodded his head, and grinned: "By God, he shore was, wasn't he?"

When the jury had been discharged, I spoke privately to several of the jurors. To each one I made the same statement I had made to the judge. In each case I got the same reply. "Shore he was telling the truth. But what the hell, he deserves the chair for messin' around with a white woman. Besides, if we'd turned him loose, that crowd outside would'a lynched us. We gotta live with these folks."

After the troopers had rushed Roosevelt through the crowds and away toward the penitentiary, the judge called the husband back to reprimand him for creating a disturbance, not to mention attempting to murder a man still presumed to be innocent. The husband told the judge:

"Judge, I felt like I had to kill that sonuvabitch. I intended to do it this mawnin' while he wuz a-settin' over there at the table. But ever' time I'd reach down to pull my gun, the Lawd would tell me not to do it fo' them two newspapermen wuz a-settin' right smack behind him."

"Whew!" AP had turned white around the gills. "We got something to thank the Lord for, haven't we, boy?" he said.

III

As we rode back to Birmingham that night, I kept thinking of Roosevelt Wilson in his faded overalls and bare feet, riding alone toward Death Row with a hundred and twenty Guardsmen to see him safely in the chair. I thought of Pontius Pilate. I thought of Emile Zola and the few men who have had the courage to defy the mob. I sneered. What the hell! AP pulled in toward a roadhouse. "Let's have a drink," he said.

We had several drinks. We told the waitress some stories and pinched her on the thigh. To hell with Roosevelt Wilson. Smart guys don't go around butting their heads against stone walls. Smart guys make the most of the inevitable.

Next morning, in my clean-up story, I inserted two paragraphs about Roosevelt's testimony. In polite language I hinted at its sub-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stance. I watched the managing editor when he picked up the story at the copy desk. He looked over at me, made a wry face, and jerked his nose to tell me it stank. I saw his pencil go down in an impatient gesture, and I knew those two paragraphs would never see print. No one reading my story could have guessed on what claim Roosevelt based his plea of innocence. I suggested we use a picture of Roosevelt Wilson with the story. His face might impress somebody with his innocence. But my paper, like others in the South, had a policy against using pictures of Negroes. So we used the latest piece of Marlene Dietrich leg art instead.

I wish I could tell you that the Case of Roosevelt Wilson perched on my shoulder like a raven, and that I never rested until I had freed him from his cell and thrown him back into the faces of the Pontius Pilates. I wish I could tell you that I made a brave speech to the editor of my paper; that I flung my job in his face; and that I fought for Roosevelt's freedom with pamphlets printed on a hand press. But none of these things happened. I told the editor the filthy facts and suggested a further story, but when he said, "Hell, Bill, you're crazy," I nodded and said, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

I told the Governor the same filthy facts. He shrugged and said: "Boy, you're crazy. What the hell can I do? You know what it would mean if I intervened in a case like this."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," I said. "But you know I've read of governors who couldn't sleep after they had let an innocent man go to his death."

He laughed. I laughed, too. The kind of laugh you laugh to keep from crying. Then — incredible as it seems — I forgot Roosevelt Wilson and it was quite by accident that I ever saw him again.

IV

Thursday night is execution night at Alabama's big Kilby Prison. Most every week the state fries some black meat and occasionally a little white meat is thrown in for good measure. There was a young cop-killer sent up from Birmingham. I forget his name. He was a white boy from somewhere out West. He had been in the Marines and had hit the highways. He had gone jittery during a hold-up and plugged a cop. We had played the case with a lot of sob stuff and I was sent down to Montgomery to cover his burning.

The warden was impatient.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Come on, you guys, let's get started," he said to the reporters. "We got eight black boys to burn after we finish off this yellow cop-killer."

The cop-killer was yellow all right. There were six preachers with him when they brought him in the death house — all anxious to get their names spelled right — but he went hysterical and guards had to throw him in the chair.

I had filed my story and was ready to leave the prison when I remembered I had left my coat in the corridor near the death house. I went back for it and just happened to notice the black boy who was being led toward the green door.

It was Roosevelt Wilson.

In his white prison clothes the burr-headed little bastard looked smaller and less significant than he had looked in his overalls. Friendless and alone, he was going to his death. During his weeks of waiting he had not had a single visitor nor communication from the world outside. His eyeballs were rolling in fear, but he was walking without support. I tossed down my coat and called to the warden to wait a minute.

"You're Roosevelt Wilson, aren't you?" I said. "The boy from up in Webster County." He recognized me. I was still probably the only white man who had ever spoken civilly to him. "Yassuh, boss, ah is. And yo're de newspapah genmun who wuz at mah trial, ain'tcha?"

The warden was annoyed. "Come on, Huie," he snapped. "We're in a hurry. We got three more to go and it's gettin' late." But I insisted and he reluctantly agreed to take another nigger on and get Roosevelt last. He locked us back in the cell and we had a few minutes to talk.

"Roosevelt, would you like to see a preacher before you go?" I asked him.

He said he would, so I called an attendant and sent him for a preacher. But the only preacher around now was a nigger preacher and he was in the death house. So I borrowed a greasy little Testament from an old white prisoner on the Row. I couldn't remember a suitable passage in the New Testament, so I opened the little Bible, pretended I was reading, and recited the last five verses of the Twenty-Third Psalm. Roosevelt repeated after me.

I fumbled for something to say to that Negro boy. I wanted to say something that would give him faith and comfort and hope. Something he could understand. Finally, I said: "Roosevelt, before you go in

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there, I want to say this to you. You are not guilty of the crime for which this state is going to kill you. All of us who heard your story know that you are innocent. The judge knows you are innocent. The jurors know you are innocent."

"Den why is dey killin' me, boss? Fo' God, ah didn't fo'ce dat lady."

"I know you didn't. We all know you didn't. But we couldn't help it."

"Is dey killin' me jest fo' messin' aroun' wid dat lady?"

"Yes, that's one reason. And there's a bigger and more awful reason that I haven't time to explain. But what you want to do now is to buck up. Everybody has to die. It's not bad in there. You never feel it at all. So don't be afraid."

He thought for a minute. "Does ya reckon ah'll go to Hebben, boss?" he asked in deadly sincerity.

"Well, Roosevelt," I answered, "I've heard it said that the folks here on earth who are done wrong like you, and the folks who have the worst luck — they are the folks who go to Heaven, and they are the ones who get the biggest crowns and the most gold. So I think you deserve to go there and I believe you will."

"Thank ya, boss," he said. The warden was coming, and he turned and asked: "Will ya go in wif me, boss? It won't be so bad ef ya'll go wif me."

God, I hated to go back in there. It always made me sick. But I nodded. My folks don't shake hands with Negroes, but I took Roosevelt by the hand and we walked down the corridor. An old white-headed Negro preacher joined us, and the black men waiting along the Row moaned their old jungle death chant.

You would have been proud of Roosevelt in the death house. He was scared, but there were no hysterics. At the chair he turned around and said: "G'bye, boss. G'bye, parson." The attendants clapped on the hood and adjusted the electrodes and the old preacher broke into "I am the Resurrection and the Life. . . ." For a second the frail form quivered in the chair, and then the sovereign State of Alabama exploded twenty-three hundred volts of lightning. The black body was flung against the straps and Roosevelt Wilson had paid his debt to a great democratic society.

They buried him in the prison plot for unclaimed bodies. And while I lay drunk and sick in a Montgomery hotel, my paper ran a brilliant story under my by-line. It

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a stinking account of the execution of a yellow cop-killer. "I have found God!" he was quoted as having said to the reporter before the switch was thrown. The last paragraph of the story was inconsequential. It would have been killed by the make-up man had it run over the column. It said: "Among the eight Negroes also executed last night was Roosevelt Wilson, 22, convicted of rape in Webster County."

Perhaps in retrospect I attach too much significance to this story of Roosevelt Wilson. It is a sordid story involving only an unfortunate woman and a black maverick. Of the score of interracial rape trials I have covered, it is not typical because the innocent defendant is the exception rather than the rule. Mr. Liebowitz will remember me as the young reporter who regarded his entourage so contemptuously at the Scottsboro trials. But the terrible fact remains that a reporter, a judge, twelve jurors, an editor and a governor — all of us reputable cogs in the democratic machinery — allowed an innocent man to go to his death while we looked complacently at each other and asked: "What the hell can I do?"

What would you have done had you been in any one of our places?

It is apparent, then, that the cases of the Roosevelt Wilsons involve more than plaintiffs and defendants. They involve the faith and the hope and the courage and the confidence and the soul-fiber of a nation. Small wonder that we have such difficulty rousing the Great Soul of America for its own defense. Small wonder that we can't project our dreams through the clouds of our own cynicism and behold a vision worth dying for. We are all soul-sick in America. It is a what-the-hell sickness compounded of cynicism and disillusion and too many years of personal and national introversion. I have seen this great sickness in Army camps, in editorial offices, and in political sanctums. What-the-hell? Why-the-hell? What-is-it-to-me? Am-I-my-brother's-keeper? It is our anguished cry of soul sickness.

Who knows? Perhaps some day when we have regained the American Vision for ourselves and given it to others, we may erect a monument to Adolf Hitler. And when I have atoned for my own complacency and what-the-hell, I think I'll erect a monument to a barefooted black boy named Roosevelt Wilson.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ *Immediate formation of Free German State as weapon against Nazi rule.*

UNION NOW WITH GERMANY

By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein

The resources of eight hundred million people are today mobilized against Nazism but it is nevertheless not improbable that military victory for the Allies may be several years away and that democracy may not succeed Hitlerism in an impoverished, devastated Europe. To cut short the years of fighting, spare the lives of millions, and bring about a peace based on justice, it becomes obvious that Hitler must be defeated sooner than military and economic weapons alone can make possible.

Allied propaganda has carried the war into Hitler's outer defenses, the conquered nations of Europe, but no intelligent attempt has been made to take the German citadel from within. It can be done. A union now between the democracies and the German people, represented by a Free German movement — organized as an independent free state outside Germany and underground inside Nazi-land — would turn the tables and transform Germany into a fifth column of peace and democracy.

The project requires courage, vision and statesmanship. It is based on the premise that Germany today is an occupied country, kept in line by an army of occupation which consists, according to Himmler's own figures, of thirty Blackshirt divisions — not to mention the swarm of Gestapo agents whose single mission is to account for the conduct of every German citizen. Evidence is at hand to show that the Nazi leaders have learned not to take the loyalty of their captive subjects for granted. The war on Russia, highly unpopular among the workers, brought about the installation of machine guns at strategic points in Berlin and other large cities. The government has asked for Blackshirt "volunteers" and this may be taken as a sign that the Nazis are forced to tighten their grip on the German people to discourage organized opposition. No leadership for a Free Germany, therefore, can be expected to come from inside. It must be furnished by the democratic Germans-in-exile, who

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are representative of non-Nazi Germany as it existed before Hitler and continues to exist under the surface of totalitarianism.

A Free German movement would represent for the Germans what the Free French are for France: a symbol of liberty, a democratic alternative to the fascist régime at home, and a directive force for opposition. But it is imperative that the Free Germans should enjoy the confidence of the anti-Nazi masses inside Germany or their leadership will not be accepted. Germans speaking from London or America can be accused of representing "foreign" interests rather than the cause of German opposition. General de Gaulle, to point a parallel, stands on his own soil. In order to deprive Dr. Goebbels of easy propaganda, the Free Germans must be able to speak from their own territory, too, thus demonstrating that they are truly the trustees of anti-Nazi Germany's legitimate interests and are so recognized by the democracies. The creation of an independent German Free State is therefore imperative.

Locale is a primary consideration. Europe is eliminated because all free German territories have been wiped out by the Nazis. Recall the gloomy history: first the Saar territory, where my friends and I endeavored in 1934 and 1935 to bring about a Free German government under protection of the League of Nations; then Austria, in March 1938; then the German-speaking Sudeten Territory, in September 1938. The Nazis, as masters of propaganda, were aware that Free German communities constituted centers of resistance to their ideology. They feared the magnetism of freedom and democracy.

Today the logical territory for creation of a German Free State would be one of the former German colonies in Africa, now held under a League mandate by Great Britain, the Union of South Africa, France and Belgium. Of these colonies, the most suitable from a geographical and political point of view, I believe, would be a coastal section of former German East Africa, the present Tanganyika Territory, a northeastern province bordering on Kenya and possessing a good harbor in Pangani, a city of thirteen thousand inhabitants.

Parts of this province, including the town of Hohenfriedeberg, lie on the slopes of the Kilimanjaro Mountains. The climate is well suited to Europeans. The white population is small but there would be enough space and facilities to increase it from the ranks

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the German emigration, which is now spread over America and the British Empire. Negotiations with the British and Dominion governments might lead to the release of reliable anti-Nazis from internment camps. East Africa is not exposed to military attack by the Nazis, as are the former German colonies in West Africa, near Dakar, and radio service to Europe is excellent. The same can be said for all other ways of communication with the outside world.

The government of the Free State would be formed from the ranks of the political German emigration. These exiles include former Reich chancellors, cabinet ministers, secretaries of state and other high civil servants thoroughly trained in the art of government. Their names carry weight with the German people. Most of them have lived outside Germany since the advent of National Socialism but they have not lost contact with the masses at home. Years of uncompromising struggle against Nazism have established their reputation firmly with the democracies.

Transfer of territory to the Free German government would have to be effected, on initiative of the British government, by the League of Nations, which legally and actually has not ceased to function. Size of the territory is secondary; it must be large enough to be recognized as a State and to enable the Free German government to fulfill its specific purposes. These purposes are: first, to contribute directly toward the overthrow of Hitlerism and be ready to take over power in Germany; second, to counteract Nazi influence among Germans everywhere and to cooperate with the Allied governments on a plan for the coming peace settlement before hostilities end.

Let us be clear about the nature of this proposed overthrow of Nazism. Hatred, discontent and suffering may cause riots and sabotage in Germany but they are not sufficient incitements to revolution. Revolutions are not undertaken to destroy an existing State, but to change its constitution. Here the character of the Nazi State creates a difficult problem. At the moment the Emperor abdicated in 1918, the Social Democrats were able to take over governmental power because they had prepared themselves for years and consequently the life of the State could go on without interruption. But Nazism has transgressed all limits of State action. It has permeated every branch of public and private life and rigidly suppressed any move toward formation of an op-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

position which might possibly take over after its downfall. This has led to a common fear that an overthrow might not lead to a change of constitution, but to complete anarchy — particularly because Germany is engaged in a two-front war and might be crushed between the fronts, ideologically as well as militarily.

That fear, more than any other single factor, helps the Nazis to maintain themselves in power. Any people will fight to the bitter end if they are convinced that defeat means annihilation. Nazi rule, hated and despised as it is by millions, is tolerated because the German people cannot yet visualize a change of government which would restore democracy and secure peace.

The very news that a democratic German government had been created would have a tremendous effect in Germany. It would blast Nazi morale by destroying the hope of eventual "appeasement" and it would turn the various cliques against each other. All latent sentiments of opposition would be crystallized by setting up a positive revolutionary aim. The current "V" campaign, so effective in the conquered nations, provokes in Germany only the resigned reaction: "For the British, V stands for victory; for us it may mean Versailles." But a union now of the democracies with the German people, symbolized and sealed by a union with the German Free State, would convince the Germans that V also could stand for *Viktoria* — a victory of the united German and non-German peoples over Hitlerism, the common enemy of mankind.

II

Laying the groundwork for an equitable peace settlement would also hasten the end of Hitlerism. This groundwork would be, first, an exchange of opinions with the English-speaking world. Then the government of the German Free State would enter into immediate negotiations, if possible under the auspices of the Holy See, with the governments of all countries which are the victims of Nazi aggression, just as the Polish and Czechoslovakian governments-in-exile have settled former differences between their states.

Such spadework would bring pressure to bear in the Nazi régime where it might be very effective, namely, on the German Army. Whatever one may think of the responsibility its leaders must share for the existing situation, the fact

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remains that it is the only organized force inside Germany at the present time which could overthrow Hitlerism.

Indications increase that the German High Command is not happy about the course of the war, not only from a military point of view (increase of American aid and decrease of German resources) but from strictly political considerations. The higher ranks of the Army, still held by the upper class, see in England a form of life that corresponds more closely to their own traditions than the Nazi *parvenu* régime. A decline of the British Empire would not be considered, from their point of view, as an unmitigated advantage. Contrary to widespread opinion abroad, the Army does not want to form cabinets from its own ranks. These generals, brilliant strategists as they may be, are well aware that they are not at home in the sphere of politics. They lack contact with the people and have always been anxious to avoid the responsibilities of civil government.

In brief, the Army is dependent on the forming of a transplantable government outside of Germany. There are no leaders they can turn to inside because nearly all leaders of the constitutional parties are in exile and the few who have surrendered to the Nazis are discredited among the people by this very unpleasant fact.

It is clear, then, that creation of a German government on the soil of a Free State would precipitate events in Germany. With its implicit guarantee of a democratic peace and the restoration of civil liberties, this State would place Hitlerism squarely between two fires. It would tend to revolutionize the masses against Hitler and mobilize their opposition against continuing the war. Finally, it would force the hand of a hesitant Army and encourage it to overthrow Hitlerism and all it stands for.

The process will not be easy. One cannot expect a bloodless revolution when the thirty Blackshirt divisions, with their train of Gestapo agents and party functionaries, realize that the régime which is responsible for their continued existence is threatened. Resistance is certain to be desperate. Only the Army and the people together can overcome it. One must hope that the overthrow of Hitler would be followed by an immediate armistice so that the new government could establish itself firmly and restore law and order. With the conclusion of peace, demobilization and general disarmament, the political power of the Army will vanish.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Civil government, supported by the people, will become supreme.

Difficult as the overthrow may be the peace will be no less difficult in its own way. Reconstruction in Germany must be both moral and political. Contrary to pessimistic views, I hold that the horrors the people have experienced under Nazi persecution will result in a strong and lasting desire to return to the family of nations. The necessity of an international organization for the maintenance of a just peace has already been plainly enunciated in the Atlantic charter drawn by Roosevelt and Churchill.

Having fulfilled its task, the Free German government will surrender its power to a freely and democratically elected National Assembly of the German people. After that, it will be possible for the enormous effort, talent and material wealth now bent on destruction to be channeled into the purposes of peace. Naturally, it will be infinitely more difficult to atone for the sufferings inflicted by Nazi crimes on the nations of Europe. Any new German government will certainly have to realize that it will bear the terrible legacy of hatred left behind by Nazism. Only incessant laboring for peace and freedom can redeem it.

I take comfort, in this respect, from something said to me by President Beneš, of Czechoslovakia, during a conversation at Geneva in 1935. "The Nazis have aroused so much hatred against Germany," I said, "and much more is yet to come — a second world war with greater hatred. Will this ever be overcome, even when the Nazis are overthrown?"

"One day," he told me, "Germany will again be free, and speak the language of democracy. Then hatred will vanish between your country and mine, as between all peoples."

Let me, therefore, recapitulate my proposal. It envisages the immediate establishment of a democratic German Free State on the best available territory, to serve as a rallying center for anti-Nazi forces inside and outside the Reich. Led by men whose names enjoy enormous prestige among the German masses, this State would provide an instrument to overthrow Hitlerism and bring about an equitable, lasting peace, and a nucleus for a reborn democratic Germany when the war is ended. It would serve both as the symbol and as the rudimentary reality of the cooperation between a free Germany and a democratic world which is the fundamental hope of humanity.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ *Plenipotentiaries, 1941 style, are a new streamlined breed.*

FOREIGN DIPLOMATS GO AMERICAN

By Blair Bolles

Ambassadors of tradition dwelt in unreality, severed from the principal body of mankind. Novelists endowed them with an impossible glamor as seducers (see Adela Rogers St. John) or as suave spies (see E. Phillips Oppenheim). Marcel Proust created in his M. de Norpois of *Within a Budding Grove*, a man encrusted with all the safe, petty, occupationally irritating qualities associated with this odd calling: polite but distant, secretive, antiquarian in flavor and contemptuous of the multitude.

If current Washington is any proof, however, there has been a revolution in diplomatic technique. Ambassadors are new men. They are direct as Dodsworth, easily accessible, devoid of hocuspocus, no longer soft-treading keepers of questionable secrets. They have come down to earth and are suing for the good will of the mob. They work hard: no more four-hour lunch hours, no more three-month vacations. Once they were assigned to Washington and Washington only; now their beat is the whole Republic. Richard Casey, the Australian Minister, is called "Flying Casey" because he hops the country in his plane — today in Des Moines, tomorrow in Okmulgee, the next day in Stockton. He is typical of the new lot. Their business no longer is the wan stuff of formal international politics. They are out to win friends and influence people.

The de Norpois style has been overwhelmed by the Halifax method of diplomacy. That Viscount Halifax, plenipotentiary of Great Britain, should be the one to set the pace in the new diplomacy marks the transition with a special sharpness because he derives from birth and background all the tendencies that came to flower in Sir James Boggit, the British Minister in Ann Bridge's *Pekin Picnic:*

> What he liked was regular conditions, and a constant policy to carry out — the sort of steady-going diplomacy which enables a Minister to say in almost every dispatch, "I repeated to His Excellency what I had said to him last week," or vice versa.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Halifax (recently in England resting from the rigors of 1941 diplomacy) debarked in American waters one bleak day last January from H.M.S. *King George V*, Charles Peake was at his side. Where Halifax has gone since then, there Peake has gone. Peake is Viscount Halifax' personal press agent and the press agent is a key figure in the new diplomacy, which has no place for Sir James Boggit's "regular conditions." In the new diplomacy's practice, Halifax has posed with the White Sox' Jimmy Dykes, has worn a fireman's hat and sat on a hook-and-ladder, and has ridden in a motorcycle's sidecar. A friendly man by nature, he shared a bag of popcorn with some waitresses he met on a stroll through Rock Creek Park. Yet, for press agentry, he will go so far and no farther. He refused to eat a hotdog, which his King and Queen two years ago munched at Hyde Park with a show of pleasure. Halifax has tried, in a speech on the British literary tradition, to stir in American book publishers an all-out sympathy for England. He has addressed a message on English music to an audience at the Boston Symphony Orchestra, whom he assured that Germany had no monopoly of musical aptitude. He has carried the fight against isolation to the people in California and Kansas City and Atlanta and Minneapolis.

In our Republic's youth, Secretary of State Jefferson ordered home the French Minister, Charles Edouard Genet, because he "proceeded on the mistaken philosophy that he was minister of a people to a people, not a government to a government." What was a costly mistake for Citizen Genet in 1793 — when he was enlisting the sympathy of the American public for the cause of France as opposed to the cause of England — is accepted procedure now. The Brazilian Second Secretary tells an audience in Baltimore that he wishes Americans understood his country a little better. The Swedish Minister seeks to arouse enthusiasm among banqueters in Philadelphia for his official request that more shipping be permitted between Sweden and America. Now that the Germans have made the Russians respectable by attacking them, the wife of Soviet Ambassador Oumansky takes to the radio her story of Russian bravery in battle.

The new diplomacy — practiced by all except the Axis powers, who can hope to gain nothing by open propaganda — rests on the recent discovery by Foreign Offices of an

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old fact long known to earthier politicians: in a democracy it is the people, yes. It avails the British Ambassador nothing to convince President Roosevelt if a large majority of Americans should still oppose intervention. So the Allied ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary have been preaching widely on the American responsibility toward the liberation of Europe and the rescue of China. The State Department discourages speech-making by the Axis diplomats for fear, they say, a brick might fly from the crowd, strike the speaker, and create the incident which both Germany and the United States have been careful to avoid.

If the war had not turned ambassadors into Edward Bernayses, they would constitute an idle class, employed but taskless, elegant pretenders to an importance long departed. "You know," Alexander Troyanovsky, the first ambassador of the Soviet to the United States, once remarked: "We diplomats today are only gilded messenger boys." Troyanovsky referred to the circumstance that modern speed in communications and the modern trend toward specialization have combined to degrade the ambassadors. Even forty years ago, Theodore Roosevelt thought that the cables had put an end to ambassadors' uses except as supernumeraries. Nowadays the radio, the telephone, and the airplane keep ambassadors ever at their governments' elbows, and the governments supervise their ambassadors uninterruptedly. Seldom do ambassadors now take matters into their own hands like the independent Count Cassini, who represented Russia here when Russia was ruled by a czar. Around the turn of the century, Cassini called on John Hay at the State Department. "He is a revelation," Hay told Chauncey Depew. The Depew memoirs tell the story, quoting Hay:

> He brought to me the voluminous instructions to him of his government on our Open Door Policy. After we had gone over them carefully, he closed his portfolio and, pushing it aside, said, "Now, Mr. Secretary, listen to Cassini." He immediately presented an exactly opposite policy from the one in the instructions, a policy entirely favorable to us, and said: "That is what my government will do."

II

Today the average ambassador makes no major and few secondary decisions. In the competition for American favor, the most attractive names on many countries' rosters — monarchs, prime minis-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters, and presidents — have been chosen for special missions to the United States to attend what once was left to the Cassinis. Monarchs are sent to charm us, active heads of state to negotiate, and specialists to deal with technical matters. The ambassador only blows the trumpet announcing the monarchial progress, buttles the head of state, and introduces the foreign specialists to the proper American specialists. The business of charming a nation is important.

Before the King and Queen of England entered this land, the first steps leading to Anglo-American harmony already had been taken by a lesser mortal than Their Majesties, with a duller (but important) business — A. E. Overton, of the British Board of Trade, sent here by London in 1938 to negotiate a Hull trade agreement for the British Empire. For this major diplomatic delivery, the ambassador of the time, Sir Ronald Lindsay, was no more than obstetrician, just as he was no more than British resident flunky-in-chief when George and his Queen popped in on us.

As for neglect of the ambassador in high negotiation, the government of Nicaragua dispatched its president, Somoza, to our capital in search of millions on loan, which the Nicaraguan resident diplomat might easily have obtained. Wanting a new loan from the United States, Fulgencio Batista, dictator of Cuba, came himself to Washington and Dr. Fraga, his ambassador, was but his escort. Cuba got the money. When Batista's neighbor, Trujillo, the Dominican dictator, thought the time had come for the United States to cease collecting the customs of his republic, he visited Washington to carry on the opening negotiations in person. An American press agent at a sweet fee notified the newspapers of every breath which the West Indian statesman drew while he was in our capital.

When the unhappy Grecian campaign last spring was stirring bitter thoughts in the minds of Australians, the commonwealth down under decided that its share in American supplies should be greater and Prime Minister Menzies traveled to Washington to see to the matter. During the late 1930's, Brazil sought United States' assistance in finding a formula that would free the country from Germany's economic grip. The settlement finally was made after Oswaldo Aranha, the Brazilian Foreign Minister, spent a month in on-the-spot discussions with officials in Washington. It was a home-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coming for Aranha. He had been ambassador to the United States and as ambassador he had been a pioneer in the new diplomacy. He made speeches to every club meeting between Montauk and Yakima that would listen. He studied the United States closely, and to the United States he constantly sold Brazil.

Washington still has a few members of the old Cassini school — diplomats who really make policies for their nations. Mostly now they are South Americans and the representatives of those ghost countries, the lands overrun in Europe by the Axis. The strongest of them all is Henrik de Kauffman, Minister Plenipotentiary of Denmark, almost alone among the ghost-land diplomats in lacking a refugee or exile government to whom he is responsible. His government and his King are prisoners in their own land and as far as the Roosevelt Administration is concerned, de Kauffman is Denmark. He has heard but once officially from Copenhagen since the Germans seized the city, and that once was an order to resign and go home. He ignored the summons.

His German-dominated government charged him with high treason after he agreed to make bases in Greenland available to the United States. He helped the American Government find an excuse for taking over the Danish ships in our harbors and gave the administration good advice during the preliminaries leading to the occupation of Iceland, which had been a part of the Danish dual monarchy until it declared its independence in May. The Germans have learned that they cannot intimidate de Kauffman.

The new diplomats are like the old in their devotion to the higher levels of society. They find those amusements most amusing which are enjoyed in the company of the well-bred rich, although in an age of total war, when diplomacy is total diplomacy and diplomats must appeal to all peoples, society has lost the incomparable professional value which it once held for diplomats. None today could lay the foundation for his American reputation by a *mot juste* in a drawing room. For those in Washington today who give half their lives to entertaining, diplomats make up a select and desirable circle, but socially the foreigners are not an integrated colony and they realize that a charming display of discretion in a polite setting will have little influence on their American assignment. An ambassador or minister plenipotentiary invited to

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dinner will thank his host doubly if he finds at the table, besides other foreigners, a few American politicians, prominent reporters, and other natives influential in the American scene. To them he can explain pleasantly his government's policies, and from them he can elicit information, the standard diplomatic stock in trade.

The Byzantine Emperor Bonosus valued diplomats' information so highly that he made the foreign ambassadors in Constantinople drunk in order to get their secrets. Our State Department encourages some of its officials to mingle at dinners with ambassadors and lesser diplomats in order to talk with them when their hair is down. They might drop a hint of plans or of true opinions. One of our young diplomats stationed in Washington went to a dinner at which a Japanese assistant naval attaché was present. After dinner the American questioned the Japanese on his feeling toward this country. On two highballs, the Japanese said: "We Japanese and you Americans should not have these suspicions of each other." The American, like a seducer with a young girl, plied the Japanese with drink. On four highballs, he changed his tune. "The Emperor," he said, "means nothing to me. The Prime Minister means nothing to me. The ambassador means nothing to me. He was an admiral, but now he is only a diplomat. There is only one person who means anything to me — the admiral of the combined fleets. For him I would die."

III

No more can diplomats hide behind the cold walls of society, protocol and propriety, and still be useful. They must (and they do, if they are pleading the cause of the Allies) display themselves, attract attention, and arrest the interest of the masses in order to gain notice for their countries' causes. Since they cannot be forever making speeches, they try to reach the people daily through the press.

When Sir Ronald Lindsay was British Ambassador, the chief source of information on British affairs was a woman, Irene Boyle, who was only a social secretary. What she knew and wanted to tell, she saved for her friends. Today the Embassy has a press information annex occupying a whole house, under the direction of Stephen L. Childs, who directs 20 workers. The entire Embassy staff has shot up from 54 to 288 during the two years since England went to war with Germany. The Ger-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man attack on Russia was the signal for the Soviet Embassy to organize an information office, with headquarters on a secluded estate at the edge of Washington. There the Russians have erected a powerful radio receiving station through which they receive daily enough information from Moscow to enable them each evening to fill a 20-page Soviet Information Bulletin. This broadside is sent every evening in the name of the Soviet Embassy to all correspondents listed in the *Congressional Directory*. The Bulletin quotes from *Pravda*. It gives in full the morning and evening communiqués from Moscow. It reproduces in detail the Soviet press conference statements and it runs special articles on the villainy of the Nazis and the valor, both at the front and in the factory, of the Russians.

An American, Frank Dorsey, is in charge of the daily Soviet bulletin. An American, George Abell, is the Dutch Legation's publicity adviser. An American, Ted Wingo, was adviser on public relations to the Finnish Minister until Helsinki assigned a diplomatic press counsellor, Urjo Toivola, last March. Americans can write news releases in a style which is a great linguistic improvement over the cloudy sentences beloved by chanceries and the State Department. The clearest words in the world, however, mean nothing if they are patently obscuring the truth, and a fictive propaganda gets nowhere.

The Poles and Australians have entrusted to women the distribution of information. The assistant spokesman for Ambassador Jan Ciechanowski of Poland is Natalia Aszkenazy, a bright, dark-haired, pretty girl. Minister Richard Casey of Australia relies on Pat Jarrett, who was writing stories from Hollywood for the Melbourne *Herald* when Casey invited her by telegram to work a couple of months at the legation. The two months have stretched to sixteen and Miss Jarrett has become an integral part of Australian diplomacy in North America.

The German Embassy, like the Italian, keeps quiet because neither the Germans nor the Italians have hope of gaining favorable attention from any large segment of the press. Nevertheless, both have a press officer on hand. The French honor their information man (who places little of his information) with the title of attaché. He is Charles Brousse, whose family has published *L'Independent* of Perpignan for 100 years.

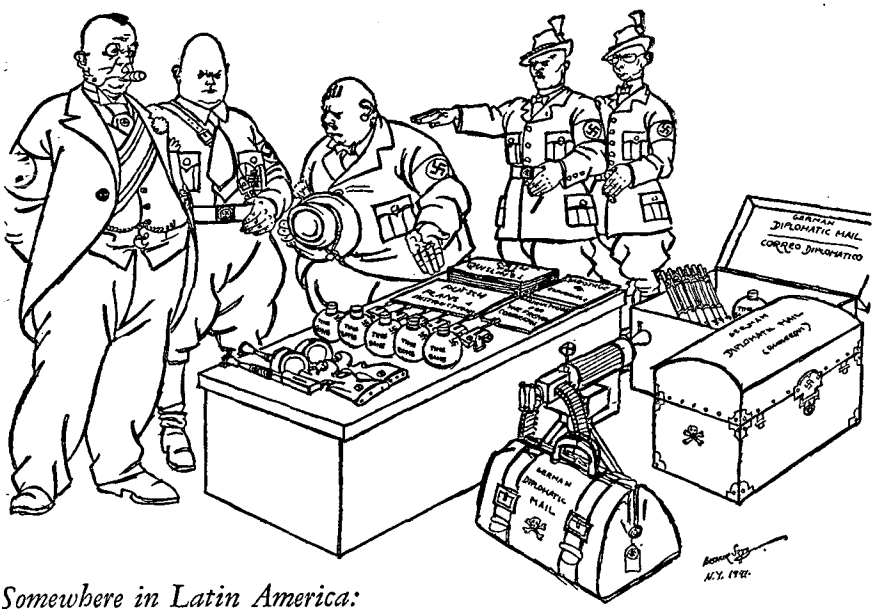
The Norwegians are the soundest seekers of publicity in Wash-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ington. After all, the Norwegian government has an income from the Norwegian merchant ships, and can afford bigger things than some. Hans Olav of Norway is the peer of diplomatic press men. When the Norwegians dedicated a wing of offices newly added to their Legation (whose employes have increased from eight to forty since the Germans occupied Norway), Olav exalted this simple business into an eloquent occasion designed to attract the thoughts and hearts of America toward Norway.

The Norwegian flag flew and the music of the Norwegian anthem filled the air. It was all solemn and honest and the columns which the newspapers gave to the ceremony were as valuable to Norway as a treaty of friendship and commerce.

It is the columns of favorable space, not the treaties, that concern the ambassadors of our time.



Somewhere in Latin America:
A Nazi Consulate opens for business

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN MEDICINE LEADS THE WORLD

By Elsie McCormick

Only a generation ago Vienna was the holy Mecca of our physicians and surgeons. American doctors went there by hundreds to study under its brilliant specialists, to walk the wards of the huge Krankenhaus, one of the world's largest and most efficient hospitals, and to attend the innumerable and varied autopsies possible only in a city that drew patients from the four corners of the earth.

Today the crown for pre-eminence in healing belongs to the United States. This is all the more astonishing when one considers that thirty years ago the standards of admission to our medical schools were lower than in any civilized country, that our hospitals, on the whole, were far below Viennese standards of efficiency, and that our medical research was laughed at in every laboratory of central Europe.

Many men still in practice have lived through this dramatic transformation. They have seen Viennese leadership decline for more than twenty years and then go into complete eclipse under the oppression of a hater of scientific truth. They have seen American hospitals reach heights of efficiency undreamed of in the old Krankenhaus. They have seen the standards of American medical schools change from the lowest in the civilized world to the highest. Today they see American medical research occupying thousands of devoted workers and saving lives all over the world. Of 410 medical discoveries made from 1928 to 1938 and listed by the National Geographic Society, seventeen can be credited to Germany and Austria, thirty-five to the British Empire, twenty-two to other countries, and 336 to the United States! It is our responsibility to carry on research for lands where medical science has been set back by generations, to keep alive the spirit of scientific inquiry stifled in totalitarian countries. And today we are equipped to meet this enormous responsibility. The U. S. A. has become the medical center for all mankind!

What are the factors that

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought us from the rear ranks to the vanguard? One impetus toward betterment came in 1910 when Dr. Abraham Flexner visited 155 American medical schools on behalf of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. He found institutions that offered no laboratory work, autopsies, or clinical experience — nothing, in fact, except lectures unembellished by even a skeleton. One professor stated in all seriousness that it would be a good idea to have the students see at least one delivery before they graduated and began to bring babies into the world! Schools would graduate anybody who paid his bills, even if he couldn't tell an appendix from a dried angleworm. Only two demanded any college work of entering students; few required even a high-school diploma. There were practically no state board examinations; a diploma from even the feeblest medical school served as a license to practice. The ignorance of some of the professors was stupendous. In his book, *I Remember*, Dr. Flexner tells of asking the dean of an Oregon medical school if they had a physiological laboratory. "Yes," said the dean. "I'll bring it down to you." He scampered upstairs and returned with a small machine designed to register the beat of the pulse.

Dr. Flexner's report struck home with the force of a land mine. He was gently informed that if he ever returned to Chicago, home of fifteen medical schools, he could look forward to being shot. He visited Chicago, departed unshot, and had the satisfaction of seeing the fifteen schools reduced to three. The American Medical Association published separately a classification of the medical colleges that helped to speed reform. Today, according to a recent AMA report, instead of 155 hit-or-miss colleges we have seventy-seven modern, splendidly equipped institutions. The medical schools of no other nation require as much of entering students or give such advanced and varied courses. More than 90 per cent of the graduates serve at least a year as hospital internes before being wafted out to try their arts on the general public.

Just as striking has been the improvement in our hospitals. Not long ago American hospitals were cordially distrusted. Having a baby in one was considered the equivalent of a bend sinister on the family shield. For the public's suspicions there was ample basis. Although some institutions, like Johns Hopkins, maintained excellent standards, few states bothered to regulate their hospitals. Many houses

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the ill were dirty, ill-equipped, staffed with low-grade help and run by superintendents who had never got beyond grammar school. It is chiefly watchfulness and careful policing, on the part of the College of Physicians, the College of Surgeons, and the AMA, that has worked such wonders since then. Today, though state supervision of hospitals often remains negligent, the fact that substandard institutions are denied AMA registration usually drives them to close their doors quickly. There are now but 545 wildcat hospitals in the United States, and their combined capacities amount to less than .7 per cent of the facilities offered by the registered institutions.

Patients are being admitted to our hospitals at the rate of one every 3.1 seconds! Last year 10,087,548 cases were handled, not counting the delivery of 1,214,492 babies. Capacity increased by 31,219 beds — which equals an eighty-bed hospital arising full-panoplied every day of the year. Personnel has continued to improve. The first two nursing schools in the United States opened in 1873. In 1938, our 1328 schools of nursing had about 82,000 students. Our nurses' skill is not the least reason why American hospitals are unsurpassed.

Another recent development has been the rise of the medical center — a group of hospitals of different types clustered together to form a city of practice and research. They offer a wealth of clinical material undreamed of by physicians of twenty years ago, and promote to a high degree the cause of postgraduate education. New York's sky-towering Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center is an excellent example. No European nation boasts such a huge and handsomely equipped city of healing.

II

The brightest star in the crown of American medicine is its record in research. The old-fashioned American doctor of only yesterday distrusted "laboratory methods." He preferred to rely on the look of the tongue, the rate of the pulse, and his own God-given intuition. He railed in the journals against "laboratory scientists" who sought to throttle and regiment the beautiful art of medicine. A few doctors made research a part-time hobby, but the idea of men devoting their lives to seeking out the causes of disease was all but unknown.

The opening of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1901 furnished an impetus still be-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing felt in America and throughout the world. It soon became clear that, given the opportunity, Americans have a peculiar gift for research. The love for the unknown that burned in the pioneers made men equally eager to try their wits on the frontiers of science. Research in this country has been primarily a young man's game, characterized by ingenuity and daring. The typical medical research man is no longer an old doctor pottering among test tubes in his back office; he is more likely to be a youngster under thirty who approaches a medical problem from the standpoint of the chemist or physicist and gets answers undreamed of by the conservative practitioner.

Additional momentum came when the Rockefeller Foundation was established in 1909 to finance investigations in many lands. Since 1915 it has provided fellowships for 6800 research men in seventy-four countries. It is chiefly interested in spade work and drops a research subject when it becomes popular, to break ground in new directions. Today, for example, it makes no grants at all for cancer research. Instead, within recent years, it has devoted as much as half of its medical budget to the far less popular subjects of psychiatry and neurology. Since 1922 it has supported a study of the psychological and neurophysiological aspects of sex, a subject with dark and baffling angles. It has lately financed investigation of the elusive common cold, study of influenza, and an experiment in building up resistance against tuberculosis by inoculation with heat-killed bacilli, now being carried on with promising results among the natives of Jamaica. In 1939 the Foundation's International Health Division was conducting health projects in forty-seven different countries. Its men have walked the dried-up canals of Egypt, gathering the snails that cause an obscure disease, schistosomiasis. They have found hitherto unsuspected carriers of the yellow-fever virus, treated hookworm sufferers in many countries, studied the common cold under Arctic conditions and wrestled with sanitary problems arising from the flood waters of the Yangtze Kiang. The Foundation is now waging a vast anti-malaria campaign in collaboration with seventeen Latin-American governments. Even in a war-battered world, its influence is not likely to die. This is the largest of the great foundations, but there are others — some fifty-six of them, supporting research on diseases ranging from undulant fever to whooping cough, as well as in pure

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

science. Great numbers of expert American investigators in hospitals and clinics, university laboratories and the research institutions of large drug firms, are fighting down the common enemies of man.

So far, our achievements in medical research have been financed largely by millionaires with a bent for social service, a form of philanthropy that has not developed to any extent in Europe. But in recent years government-supported studies have come into increasing prominence. Not long ago the Federal government appropriated $1,393,000 to establish at Bethesda, Maryland, an investigation center for the United States Public Health Service which ecstatic scientists refer to as a laboratory heaven. American research cannot be judged merely by the fact that it has the world's finest laboratories. The real question is the value of the results obtained. The scientist naturally does not think in terms of national rivalries; medical research nearly always means a cross-fertilization of ideas. But although this country cannot take complete credit for all the discoveries attributed to it, there is no doubt that years before the present war we were leading the world in exploring medical frontiers. To consider even a few of them is to catch a glimpse of a time when scores of diseases will be conquered, and, barring bomb casualties and totalitarian oppression, life will be longer and happier than ever before.

III

In the foreground of current American discoveries is the work on vitamins. Some findings in this realm are not yet conclusive; but doctors already predict that better understanding of vitamins will bring the normal life span in this country up to eighty years. At the clinic of Dr. Thomas Spies in Birmingham, Alabama, mouth-breathing hillbillies with IQ's in the sixties and seventies have been turned overnight into normal human beings by dosing with nicotinic acid, a substance found in the Vitamin B complex. People are being freed of serious nervous symptoms by simple diet changes. Pellagra victims who a few years ago had only a 50-50 chance of recovery now are said to face almost complete certainty of cure if provided with certain inexpensive food elements. Drinkers who see striped elephants, we now know, may be suffering from vitamin starvation. There are indications that pure Vitamin E stops de-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

generations of the nerves; that at least in some cases, Vitamins E and B can restore muscles weakened by infantile paralysis; that Vitamin B_6 can greatly reduce paralysis agitans tremblings. Surgical hemorrhages and the bleeding that has taken the lives of so many new-born infants are being checked by the use of Vitamin K. Six universities are now joining with the United States Public Health Service in investigating almost every disease on the docket, in order to find out if it may not be caused by vitamin deficiency.

Amazing new cures have studded the field of chemotherapy. Not so long ago the doctor who leaned heavily on the corner drugstore was considered dated; people had more faith in the man who emphasized sun-ray lamps, Florida vacations and other drugless and pleasant procedures. With the discovery of sulfanilamide, which has brought new hope to sufferers from thirty different diseases, drugs have returned to the scene like so many meteors. America cannot claim to have discovered sulfanilamide, but she can take credit for helping to demonstrate its value in pneumonia and for finding and using several of its chemical relatives. Recently American doctors have demonstrated that one of these, sulfaguanidine, slaughters the swarms of germs in the lower intestinal tract which have made operations in that area so perilous; that impetigo, children's skin disease, succumbs readily to sulfathiazol; that sulfathiazol is a possible cure for bubonic plague. It has been sensationally successful in the treatment of gonorrhea.

This magic chemical family conquers certain severe eye infections and forms of meningitis once nearly 100 per cent fatal. Perhaps even more important are recent American experiments showing that tuberculosis in guinea pigs can be cured by promin, another member of this versatile drug family. If promin proves effective for tuberculosis in human beings, one of the world's most serious medical problems will have been solved.

No nation has done more to shed light on the mystery of cancer. Experiments are following several different lines — the search for a virus, the study of the factor of heredity, the investigation of the relationship between hormones and malignant growths. Interesting reports have been made of the regression of cancers treated with fast neutron rays of the cyclotron; but even more striking is the discovery, by Dr. Paul E. Steiner of the University of Chicago, of a

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

substance found in the livers of people suffering from a malignant growth elsewhere in the body. When this brown, flaky material is injected into mice, it causes cancer in what the medical journals call "a significant number of cases." There is at least a chance that further investigation may lead in time to the conquest of cancer.

In dealing with the various forms of allergy — hay fever, asthma, hives, migraine, etc. — American medicine has made tremendous strides. Injection tests and immunization treatments have been developed. Doctors studying the mental factors involved have found that patients frequently develop allergic symptoms when subjected to unusual emotional stress. Many sufferers, they declare, can be greatly relieved or even cured if helped to improve their emotional attitudes.

For years after European doctors began their study of syphilis, a peculiar Nice Nellie attitude over here prevented frank facing of the problem and put treatment of the disease largely into the hands of quacks. Within the last decade improved curative methods and a public education campaign have combined to fight it effectively. The United States now has about 2500 free and low-priced clinics for syphilitic patients. In 1939, 1823 state-controlled syphilis laboratories made 5,600,000 blood tests. Doctors in a New York City hospital have worked out a new therapy — a drip technique by which drugs are injected into the veins, drop by drop, ten hours a day for five consecutive days. This heroic cure is equal to eighteen months of the usual office visit routine. The artificial fever treatment developed in this country has restored the sanity of thousands of men and women in the early stages of paresis.

Almost endless is the list of American victories over disease and suffering. There is the liver treatment for pernicious anemia for which Doctors G. H. Whipple, G. R. Minot and W. P. Murphy received the Nobel Prize. This treatment has rescued thousands of weak, paper-white victims from almost certain death. There have been the wonderful developments in surgery — the irradiation of operating rooms by germ-killing ultra-violet rays; the electric knife that has so greatly reduced mortality in surgical work; the pre-operative glucose treatment which increases powers of resistance; the recently developed methods of stomach surgery that have saved

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lives of many ulcer and cancer victims; and the new, mild anaesthetics that make it possible to operate with comparative safety on old people and sufferers from heart disease.

In mental therapy we can claim credit for adapting and improving many techniques imported here from abroad. Shock treatments for schizophrenia have been greatly improved by American physicians. Dr. Walter Freeman and Dr. James W. Watts developed from a European idea the delicate operation on the pre-frontal lobes of the brain which has turned many melancholy, hag-ridden men and women into sane and contented, if somewhat sluggish, citizens. Recently a group of American doctors have been giving special attention to the influence of the mind in causing illness. They emphasize the treatment of patients as "whole beings," rather than as bodies divorced from minds.

New ideas and developments, indeed, are mentioned in every issue of the medical journals and at every important medical conference. A few among the large number of discoveries reported since 1932 are vaccines for fever, yellow fever and whooping cough; a nasal spray of picric acid and sodium alum which offers hope of successful prevention of infantile paralysis; a vaccine known as amniotic fluid which promises to reduce operative risk in peritonitis by thirty per cent; a device for taking infrared ray photographs which reveals heart disease in its early stages; a vaccine for psittacosis, or parrot fever; a way of administering oxygen under the skin which may eliminate the clumsy and dangerous oxygen tents; a drug, trichlorethylene, which relieves angina pectoris suffering and in some cases cures the disease; a tiny ultraviolet ray lamp inserted into the bronchial tubes for TB treatment; a way of locating tumors by testing the patients' sensitivity to the odors of coffee and citral; a tiny camera that takes color photographs of the inside of the stomach; an ascorbic acid treatment for certain disfiguring skin diseases; the use of diathermy, an idea borrowed from radio, in treating rheumatism and other afflictions; a machine for studying the effects of drugs on the living brain; and a method of treating with intravenous injections of hydrochloric acid the victims of submersion, asphyxia, and electrical and surgical shock. Closely related to the needs of today is the method of immobilizing wounds and allowing them to heal untreated under a plaster cast.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This idea, worked out by Dr. Hiram W. Orr, was not used on a large scale until the Spanish civil war. Now it is helping badly torn air-raid victims to recover.

Not all our progress has been in the field of developing new drugs, instruments and techniques. American public health work has undergone vast improvement. Its effectiveness today is shown by the fact that, except for tuberculosis and pneumonia, all communicable diseases have been eliminated as important factors in the death-rate. We are also making notable progress in industrial hygiene and the study of occupational diseases.

It is not in a chauvinistic spirit that we should rejoice in the preeminence of American medicine. We are now in a position to keep medical science alive and progressing through the twilight of the intellect that is deepening over Europe.

Abroad, university laboratories have been looted, professors killed in action or driven into concentration camps, and hospitals and colleges bombed into rubble. Upon us falls the heavy responsibility of keeping their lamps lighted as well as our own.

REMINDER

THESE are the gifts the heart will long remember,
Our hostages to hold against despair,
The hushed and wistful twilight of November,
The scent of autumn fires upon the air,
And crowning these, the privilege we share,
The way of life that is our own to cherish,
The purpose and the goal for which we dare,
The faith we proudly keep, that must not perish.

These are the days, America, we know
Through you and with you. We have come of age
And we are ready, having learned to grow,
For what may come. And being firm and tough,
We shall preserve our precious heritage,
But we must care. And we must care enough.

—SYDNEY KING RUSSELL

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ *An expert warns that if she chooses to fight Britain, USA and Russia,*

JAPAN MAY FACE DESTRUCTION

By James R. Young

General Eugen Ott, Adolf Hitler's ambassador to Tokyo, and 3000 Nazi military, cultural, and economic agents — hundreds of them working with diplomatic immunity — are exerting pressure in every possible way to force Japan into a war with the United States. Books, posters, articles, lectures and radio broadcasts inspired by the German Embassy din anti-American propaganda continuously into Japanese ears. The Nazi emissaries have gathered the ignorant and fanatical young army officers and the militaristic youth movement leaders into a united front of hate against the United States. The notorious clubs of political gangsters, like the Black Dragon Society, lend the German ambassador enthusiastic support.

German influence in Japan is considerable. The control of key industries is being maneuvered into the hands of German agents. The Ministry of Justice, the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Education, and the police, civil and military, are under the German Embassy's thumb. Nazi agents dominate two newspapers. Most of the instructors at the military academy are Nazi trained. And with the wholesale bribery of officials, with intimidations and murder, the Tokyo branch of the Gestapo has been able to reach into almost every corner of Japan's political structure. The conservatives are fighting desperately to neutralize this enormous Nazi pressure. Among them are the powerful Admirals — well-educated and widely-traveled men who know that their navy will have to bear the brunt of a struggle with the United States and that it is no match for ours. They know that our battleships, with vastly superior ordnance and fire control, shoot with an accuracy and speed which theirs cannot approach. The industrial leaders and the realistic Elder Statesmen also see inevitable disaster in entering the war on the side of the Axis. Japan is not prepared to withstand a major air attack, to survive an effective blockade, to fight an economic war, or to

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manufacture the armaments necessary for a long struggle with a great Power.

Japan's large cities are the most vulnerable in the world to aerial bombardment. Tokyo is only six hundred miles from the big Russian base at Vladivostok. Its seven millions are crowded into an area the size of Chicago. Half of its million houses are made of bamboo and paper, most of its 2500 canal bridges are wooden. Incendiary bombs could, within a few minutes, start one of the greatest catastrophes in history. The water supply, derived from three exposed reservoirs, is entirely inadequate for any large conflagration, and so is the puny and antiquated fire department. It is not unusual to read in Tokyo newspapers that "two thousand houses burned down last night." The city's twelve miles of subways are not deep and provide no effective shelter from bombs. Any rapid evacuation of Tokyo is impossible. Its four modern railroad terminals could not handle the hurried departure of a tenth of the population. The three main highways are only forty feet wide and mere holiday traffic chokes them. What fire and panic mean in congested Tokyo was horribly demonstrated during the great earthquake some years ago. Planes could do an even more terrible job. The Japanese know all this — and know that we and the Russians know it.

It would be equally simple to bomb Japan's industrial centers out of production. The vital plants are close together, and most of them of light and inflammable construction. Their power plants are large and vulnerable and the transmission network has not been designed — like the British and German — to route current around a bombed area. Osaka is a city of four million with huge cotton, rayon and chemical plants. Its power plant, valued at close to a billion dollars, supplies eighty square miles of factories. One double-tracked mainline railroad and the great Biwa canal handle its transportation. One well-executed raid against these objectives would bring Osaka to a standstill. The same is true of Nagoya, with its 70 acres of airplane and automobile factories, and of Kobe, with the principal Japanese dockyards. Replacements for the Japanese navy and air force could be cut to a trickle by successful air attacks on these cities.

Japan has only six thousand miles of railways, which are extremely vulnerable. Competent military men estimate that the

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

planes from two American aircraft carriers could cripple Japan's rail transportation system for months. And this is the more serious in that Japan has neither the roads nor the trucks to switch to motor transport in any large degree. In fact, this nation of seventy-three million has fewer motor vehicles than the State of Mississippi.

Experience in Europe has shown that the only really effective protection against the bomber is the fighting plane. Of these, Japan has very few. Until recently, both the army and the navy have been concentrating on bombing planes for offensive purposes. Now that the Tokyo high command wants to change over to interceptor craft for defense, Japanese industry cannot produce them, lacking materials, tools and labor. The whole Japanese airplane industry, now employing about ten thousand men and women — three thousand less, incidentally, than are working in the Glenn Martin plant in Baltimore alone — is producing only 150 of its quota of 250 units a month. Most of Japan's five thousand planes are obsolete or obsolescent. Her fliers are poor. Their accident rate is the highest in the world. German officers who train them say they can be taught to use a slow bomber but lack the individual initiative to fly a high-speed plane in combat. Competent military authorities are convinced that an air offensive operating from Siberian, British, Dutch and Philippine bases would annihilate or ground the Japanese forces within a few weeks.

A blockade of the Japanese islands could be made air and water tight. Every Japanese port is within easy range of Russia and the exits from the China Sea would be under the bombs of American, Dutch and British air patrols. All Japan's other war industries are likewise in trouble. They lack coal and water power and raw materials. The combined heavy industries of Japan, Manchuria and Occupied China are producing no more than one-fifth of the volume being turned out by the plants of Cleveland, Ohio, alone.

The Japanese technicians have not been able to help in this dilemma. They have devoted themselves to the mass production of articles of inferior quality, never to the designing of the precision machinery which Japan has always imported. The metallurgy of high-grade alloys, for example, is an unknown science to them. The Japanese automobile manufacturers, under pressure of the army — whose fanatics would buy nothing

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that was not made in Japan — have tried bravely to make trucks out of inferior steel. As a result, China is littered with Japanese army trucks which became useless after a few months of service. The Japanese Navy, less fanatic, has always imported its precision machinery. Range finders and other fire-control apparatus came from Vickers, ball-bearings from Sweden. But now Vickers no longer delivers, the Swedish SKF works cannot deliver fine quality steel and Japan is left without a source of supply.

II

But not only does Japan thus lack the physical resources to sustain a war with the United States; it lacks also the necessary morale. During the last three years, the tyranny of the government over its people has reached a brutal stage. Under General Heisuke Yanagawa, a brutal, German-trained officer who was made Minister of Justice as a result of Nazi Ambassador Ott's machinations, no less than 600,000 civilians were arrested for political offenses in the first six months of 1941. For many weeks at a time, these people — many of them guilty of no more than buying or selling bootleg rice, bread, or matches — sit six and eight in a cell, fed on watered soup, two spoons of rice and a slice of raw pickle a day. They are beaten, intimidated, their families humiliated and their businesses ruined.

I know, from personal experience, the methods of the Japanese police. I was thrown into a Japanese jail and tried by a Japanese court for writing the truth about the army. I had voiced the resentment and hate of the people for their militaristic fanatics. Two prosecutors were removed from the case because they knew and said that what I had written was the truth. I knew, after that experience, that Japan is far from the united Empire it pretends to be. Crowds which the newsreels show cheering the troops and shouting "Banzai!" are only as sincere as the number of policemen in the background calls for. The wars of the last few years have not only brought no concrete gain, but they have disrupted the life of the average Japanese in ways that he likes least. Mr. Moto — counterpart of our John Smith — is a conservative, respectable man. For centuries, he has prayed to the Sun Goddess, regarded the Emperor as a divinity and infallible. He never worried. The Family System looked after him; if he prospered, he

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

helped the unfortunates of his clan; if he failed, the others provided for him.

Now amusements are banned, ration cards restrict his rice, clothing is poor in quality and expensive, and he knows that his newspaper is censored. He hears of another cabinet crisis or the attempted murder of an Elder Statesman by a gang which justifies its attack by saying that it was "saving the Throne from unfortunate advice on world affairs." That, to Mr. Moto, is a reflection on the infallibility of the Emperor — and serious doubt arises in his mind.

Neither police nor censors can prevent soldiers returning from China telling their relatives and friends the dreary truth about the war. And such tidings spread rapidly. The Japanese like to talk, to debate, and to read. A great school system has raised the nation to a high level of education; it is 95 per cent literate. People so educated are quick to recognize failure. The military leaders promised them the subjugation of China in five months. Five years have gone by and the job is far from completed. Thousands of small, white boxes have brought home the ashes of friends and relatives killed in battle. And meanwhile, economic misery has reached a stage that modern Japan has never known before. Thousands in the pyrethrum business, tens of thousands in the porcelain industry, thousands on camphor plantations, a hundred thousand making Christmas tree ornaments and toys, stevedores on transpacific docks, children and parents on tea plantations — all are without work. There is no Brazilian, Egyptian, Indian or American cotton for tens of thousands of girls in the spinning mills. The silk industry, employing millions, is dying. That is only part of the reckoning up of the effects of encirclement.

The military faction promised that Japan's day for expansion, for conquest and prosperity, had come with the European war. The era of Anglo-Saxon co-operation, wrote the Tokyo papers, was over. Then President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met, dramatizing their unity. Every level of Japanese society could comprehend the meaning of this gesture; it blasted the hopes of statesman and street sweeper alike. For the United States, to the average Japanese, is a giant which inspires both respect and terror. In school, the Japanese studies from American textbooks, translated. He reveres our great men. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Edison and Henry Ford are to him symbols of American power. In the courtroom in which I was tried, the only picture on the wall, ironically enough, was that of Abraham Lincoln. The Mikado's people pathetically long for trade and friendship with the United States. Thousands of United States missionary schools, hospitals and charitable institutions have developed in the Japanese a deep respect and appreciation for our humanitarian principles and for American education, religion and medicine. The army has deprived him of the latter and has provided him with no substitute. The average Japanese regards the American navy and air force with an almost superstitious fear — based on American movies and magazines, which he trusts far more than German propaganda.

Mr. Moto is, at the moment, a badly frightened little man. If Hitler's Ambassador Ott is able to maneuver Japan into war with America, Mr. Moto is not going to follow his officers with very much enthusiasm. But it will not have to come to this, if President Roosevelt continues to play his cards right. He has already overridden the weak-kneed, stupidly short-sighted appeasers in the United States Department of State and has begun the economic isolation of the Island Empire. That, combined with judicious saber-rattling to foster the fear of the Admirals and some powerful, concerted and truthful propaganda to counteract Nazi General Ott's lies, may well, in time, bring on the collapse of the militaristic faction. Mr. Moto is not far from revolt. And the Son of Heaven would rather break with Adolf Hitler than exit through the Honorable Door.

NATION

Some thought the land was run by sense,
Some by rote and some by wisdom,
Some by greed and some by God,
And some by the solar system.

Some pulled levers, others pulled wires,
Hordes at the bottom, a few at the top;
We did not see the land was run
Like a machine that could not stop.

— Tom Boggs

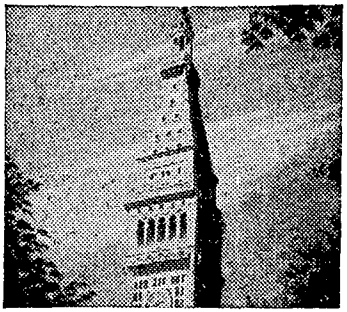
PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Madman's Dream

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What an Agency System looks like

1. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has nearly 29,000,000 policyholders in the United States and Canada. To serve these policyholders in their own localities requires a highly efficient system. Experience has shown the Agency System to be the most effective and economical.



2. This is the Tower of Metropolitan's Home Office building in New York City. The headquarters for Metropolitan's Agency System are in this building. There are also two Head Offices, one in Ottawa, Canada, and one in San Francisco.

3. Metropolitan has divided the United States and Canada into 10 Territories. Each is headed by a Superintendent of Agencies who supervises field service to policyholders, conservation of existing life insurance, and production of new business in his territory.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

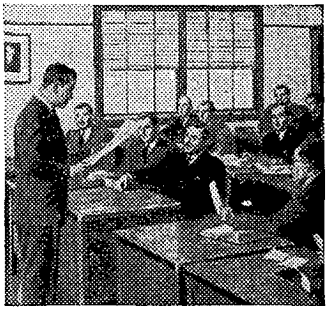
Leroy A. Lincoln
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 43 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



5. Scenes such as this educational meeting for fieldmen are common in District Offices. Field Training Instructors, who assist in this educational work to improve Metropolitan's service, operate from the Home and Head Offices, but in the field they work under the Superintendent of Agencies of the Territory to which they are assigned.

6. Assistant managers, besides their office work, help to train agents to serve existing policyholders, analyze insurance needs, and sell insurance to fill those needs. They try to visit, with the agents, as many policyholders as possible in the District at least once a year.

7. Districts are divided into smaller areas known as Debits, each in charge of an agent, who serves the policyholders living in his Debit. The size of a Debit is the result of what experience has shown to be the most efficient operating unit in the light of local conditions.

4. This shows a typical District Office, the hub of the Agency System. Territories are divided into Districts, each in charge of a manager who, in addition to other duties, supervises the work of agents. The District Office, with its manager, assistant managers, agents, and clerks, might be called a "service station" for local policyholders.

8. Metropolitan has, in the United States and Canada, about 19,000 agents, 2,500 assistant managers, and 850 managers, as well as 5,700 office clerks. Through them the Company maintains direct and constant contact with policyholders ... one of the chief means of seeing that Metropolitan policyholders are served faithfully and well.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO HAS A WORD FOR IT

By Doris McFerran

"Baby, baby! What a drooler!" That doesn't sound like a compliment to you? Well, you don't understand; you've never learned that picturesque body of vernacular which is so distinct a contribution to the national slanguage — the jargon of radio people. A drooler is one who can talk blithely on when the program runs short. To be a drooler means that you have a quality made up of equal parts of poise, quick-action thinking and gab, which enables you to chat briskly about nothing. Radio slanguage isn't a trifle to be picked up overnight. If you have a feeling that you could fight your way through a conversation carried on in radio's best terms, just listen and I'll tell you how I got my break in broadcasting.

I was a piece of white meat, and strictly on the beach. One day a flesh peddler who had me listed gave me a call for a one-shot tear jerker. They had a fairy godfather listening, who was ripe for a strip whodunit across the board. I only had a bit but I did have the O. Henry. I sized up the guy in the fishbowl as liking ham and I was right. I gave that tag all I had. It was strictly off the cob but the fairy godfather liked it. That show was a turkey, and on the cuff to boot, but I grabbed myself a spot on his screamer, so I was all set.

Still with me? No? Well, here's a literal translation: I was an actress, very much "at liberty." One day a talent salesman who was my agent sent me to play a part in a sad play which was a single program — not one of a series. The station had an easy-going prospective sponsor listening to us, one who was on the verge of buying a mystery serial which would run five days a week. I had only a small part but I did have the climax-line of the play. I decided that the prospective sponsor, sitting in a glassed-in room reserved for those of his ilk, liked over-acting and I was right. I gave that climax-line plenty of melodrama. It was a bad performance, artistically speaking, but he liked it. The show was pretty bad all around and there was no pay for the actors,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but I got a job in his mystery serial, so everything was all right.

Of course, if anyone *did* ask me how I got into radio, I'd give the latter explanation. As a matter of strictest honesty, I've never heard so much of the vernacular crowded into so short a space in actual practice. Just the same, the speech of radio folk, present company not excepted, is a bit on the batty side. The slanguage varies a bit from city to city, from set-up to set-up. Actors whose jobs are concerned entirely with parts in the soap operas — daily serial programs — wouldn't be likely to use engineering slang, for instance, while actors who work on small stations, doing everything from doubling six parts in one program to the long, low bay of a hound dog on a dramatized announcement, would find their slang to be more catholic, less restricted.

When I went to work in radio, I was at sea in the conversations which went on about me. Everything would be perfectly clear, except for the verb or the key noun. But I felt it my duty to limp along with the crowd and try to learn to do as the Romans did. I sat often in what was euphemistically known as the artists' lounge, one ear cocked, making mental notes. It wasn't so much that I felt an urge to speak in this butchery of the English tongue, but I did feel impelled to record it for posterity. Every time I'd congratulate myself on having at least reached the "will you have the kindness to pass to me the umbrella of my grandmother" stage, some new wonders would crop up and I'd find myself once more floundering in a morass of words.

Let me show you what I mean. In would come the program director with an announcer in tow.

ANNOUNCER: Well, how did the dress go?

P. D.: Not so hot. That Williams — what a belcher he turned out to be!

ANNOUNCER (yesingly): Yeah — and how he does schmaltz his tunes.

P. D.: The canary's no better. Every time she kisses it she lays an egg.

ANNOUNCER: I'm afraid we'll have to cut some of those blue gags, huh?

P. D.: Yes. But it's the fairy godmother who gives me the grief. When he cued the godbox instead of the stick waver! But that was some pretty fancy faking you did to cover the white space.

At about this point in the conversation, I'd break in to ask my questions. They would look at me strangely but I usually got an explanation. The dress? Final rehearsal. Belcher? A performer whose voice catches. Schmaltz? Highly sentimentalized singing. Canary? Soprano. Kiss it? Hit a high note. Lay an egg? Straight Broadway for poor performance. Blue gags?

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Smutty jokes. Fairy godmother? Stupid musical director. Godbox? Organ. Stick waver? Orchestra leader. Fake? Ad lib. White space? Unwonted and unwanted silence.

It was insidious. I soon found that I could no longer lay any claim to pure English. The end came when my tongue tangled badly during rehearsal one morning. Instead of an ordinary, "Sorry I made that mistake," I said, "Sorry I grew a beard on that one!" It wasn't long before the sound of sentences I heard myself delivering was utterly foreign.

II

Then came the second stage, the notebook-and-pencil phase of my addiction. I pried choice bits of speech out of all the people at the station and entered them in a little book. I had delusions of grandeur, and saw myself as a lexicographer to the radio industry, gathering up gems of colloquialism. Now that I have you cornered, here are some of the results — my master's thesis, so to speak — a radio glossary:

Arsenic — dead program, "poison" to station and listeners alike
Bang 'em — hit the musical notes hard
Bend the needle — work too close to the microphone, producing too much volume
Birdie — chirping squeal in long distance transmission
Bite it off — cut the music
Blast — overload the microphone
Blinker — light which attracts the attention of performers
Bugs — defects in the equipment
Bye-bye — the line beginning, "We now leave our studio —"
Cans — earphones
Chiz biz — any of the various dubious practices, with a suggestion of bribery, special rates secretly made, etc.
Clambake — a pretentious flop
Cliff hanger — adventure serial for kids
Clientitis — trouble with the sponsor of the program
Cold drama — play without music
Coming up — "We're on the air in ten seconds!"
Corn — material or style using obvious methods
Corn on the cob — mouth organ
Crock — animal imitator
Creeper — performer who gets closer and closer to microphone
Cushion — theme music or commercial announcement which can be lengthened or shortened to make the program end on time
Dampen — cut out the echoes with sound absorption material
Dawn patrol — those who put on early morning broadcasts
Delight box — instrument board in the studio — announcer-operated
Fight the music — battle for supremacy between orchestra and singer
Fluff — to miss a cue, mispronounce, jump script, or otherwise err
Frying — hissing noise in the equipment
Grasshopper — unimportant employe of advertising agency
Heartbreaker — audition of a show with a prospective sponsor listening
Hitchhiker — thirty-word announce-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment riding on the tail of a big show
Hot mike — microphone which is turned on
Hot switch — quick change from one program to another
Kickback — any form of secret rebate on rates or talent
Lock jaw — describing a singer with a tired-sounding voice
Long underwear — sheet music
Madame Cadenza — temperamental *soprano*
Make system — announce the network by name
Make local — announce the station's *call letters*
Mike mugger — performer who works too close to the microphone
More wax — sing more softly
Nemo — program which originates outside the studios
Nick 'em — staccato
Noodling — tuning musical instruments, or, an improvised run or variation which a musician brings in "on his own hook"
One-lunger — 100-watt station
Off side — dirty joke, improper for the delicate ears of the listeners
Old sexton — bull fiddler
On the button — On the head — On the nose — program which times out perfectly
Out in the alley — out of range of the microphone
Pancake turner — Disk jockey — the person who operates the turntables on which records or transcriptions are played
Pests — radio fans in the studio
Plops — the noise you hear when "p" or "b" is spoken too loudly
Read-y — actor or announcer who sounds as though he were reading
Rover Boy — minor executive of advertising agency
Scooper — singer who slurs
Scoutmaster — major executive of advertising agency
Short voice — singer with poor range
Sneak it in — start softly and gradually increase in volume
Sour — off pitch
Spiel — advertising copy
Spieler — announcer
Spreader — performer who takes more time in actual show than in rehearsal
Squeak stick — clarinet
Straight AFRA — union scale
Take it away — begin the program
Vidio — Visio — Sky pix — television; *the sight channel*
Washtub weeper — soap opera
Wax — a record
Web — the network
West of Denver — *technical troubles* which can't be located
Wood pile — xylophone
Woodshed — hard rehearsal
Woof in cheap clothing — *radio engineer, strictly comedy*

You can understand now, perhaps, how such a distortion of the language sneaks up on you. My friends have begun to look the other way when I enter a room. For a while I thought my slip was showing, but now I know it's only my slips of the tongue. Even my mother has given me up. In my last letter I said, "I've just come out of the woodshed on the new whodunit, and I'm due to go out with Bob — he's a woof in cheap clothing." I haven't had an answer from her.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

End of the Trail?

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STATE OF THE UNION

Some Plain Talk about Russia

UNPOPULAR and unprofitable as the job may be, we propose to tell some plain and unpleasant truths about the Russian business. They are truths which every reasonably intelligent official and journalist in Washington and London knows but which few dare to speak aloud. We wish to force them into public view, not in an exotic passion for veracity as an end in itself, but simply because we consider it safer for Americans to know the facts. As a nation we shall be better prepared for the shock of new Stalinist betrayals, and better equipped to deal with the Kremlin's armies of agents and high-minded stooges in our midst if we are fully aware of the realities and hard-boiled in estimating them.

It is unfashionable to admit the obvious fact that Great Britain and the United States are offering material aid to Russia at this juncture for their own and not for Russia's sake. But there is really no need to conceal this basic truth from Stalin, who understands opportunism but despises idealism. Only sentimental old ladies of both sexes and all ages imagine that the blood-soaked Soviet dictatorship has been miraculously transmuted into a democracy by Hitler's attack. Moreover, only political morons could contemplate without goose-pimples the possibility of the Red forces actually licking Hitler's hordes, pursuing the advantage westward to the Atlantic and displacing the Brown scourge with their own brand.

Britain and America are helping Russia — and should do so, we believe, to the utmost extent — for the sole reason that an Eastern front engages and saps Germany's military strength. They do so without any fear of a Red tidal wave overwhelming Europe — because they know that a decisive Russian victory is not even a remote possibility. The most that can be hoped for is the maintenance of a permanent Russian front until a victory over Hitler is achieved. Anything that will prop up that front is an unsentimental strategic necessity. We would have done the same for Mussolini, and justifiably,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if Hitler had attacked Fascist Italy; but we would then have harbored no such silly illusions about Mussolini's loyalty or "democracy" as are in evidence in some circles about Stalin. Frankness about our selfish motives and limited expectations is the only way to counter the Nazi propaganda that in aiding Russia we are allying ourselves with Bolshevism.

When Stalin joined Hitler in August 1939, it was an act of his own volition. When he joined Churchill and Roosevelt in June 1941, it was an act of Hitler's volition. Russia was driven into the marriage with the democracies at the point of a Nazi shotgun and is being kept there by the German Panzer divisions and Luftwaffe. His pacts with Britain are worth neither more nor less than the long array of Soviet friendship and non-aggression agreements with Poland, Finland and the Baltic countries. His adherence to the Anglo-American "Atlantic Charter" is a cynical joke, since the realization of that charter would, by definition, blot out the Kremlin regime.

The wishful thinking nonsense on the subject will congeal into dangerous folklore unless we keep before the American people at least the following facts:

1. That Russia deliberately touched off World War II by assuring Germany full safety in the East, and therefore shares the Nazi war guilt.

2. That during twenty-two months of candid and eager collaboration Stalin not only fed and fueled the German war effort but did essential propaganda, sabotage and espionage chores for Hitler throughout the world.

3. That having been forced into a hateful alliance with the democracies, Stalin will wriggle out of it at the first opportunity, betraying not only "democracy" but Russia's national and popular interests in order to save some vestige of his own power.

II

Fear of a war on two fronts was the one factor that might have headed off Hitler's plunge into conflict. Nazi and Soviet publicists alike have admitted as much. Common sense supports their admissions. Fritz Thyssen, writing on the start of the war, has attested that, "Without this agreement with Russia, Hitler could never have embarked on the Polish campaign."[1] German Army leaders who opposed the adventure were silenced as soon as Hitler was able to immobilize Russia with the Pact.

[1] *Liberty*, August 23, 1941.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Certainly the Western democracies were short-sighted and blundering in their policies, enabling Russia to offer a lot of alibis for its move. None of these alibis can cancel out the fact that at the critical juncture Stalin could have joined the anti-Hitler forces but chose to do the very reverse, knowing full well that he was thereby unloosing the great war. The fact remains, too, that the Western Allies could readily have diverted the war eastward and appeased Hitler at Russia's expense but decided instead to protect Russia by guaranteeing the frontiers of Poland and Rumania. In the final check-up, their failure to exact a *quid pro quo* from Moscow for attempting to bar Germany's path to Russia will be set down as the stupidest of their blunders.

Among the alternatives open to him, Stalin deliberately selected the launching of an all-European war. Like nearly everybody else, he considered Germany the weaker party and hence made sure of a war by throwing his weight on the German side. He merits no special consideration for his mistake, which quickly turned him from a partner into a vassal of the Nazi war lords. His apologists in recent months have tried to blur the memory of Russian collaboration with Germany. Here is a small reminder by John Scott, an American reporter just back from Russia:

> During the year previous to the Nazi attack, Germany received from Russia more than a million tons of petroleum products, a million and a half tons of grain and about as much fodder, substantial quantities of cotton, manganese, woodpulp, and many other important commodities. In addition to this, up to 100 railroad cars a day were placed at the disposal of German exporters and importers to transport their purchases and sales in the Far East and Iran.[2]

Everywhere the Communist International served as a willing and effective adjunct of the Nazi regime. It promoted a debilitating defeatism in France and England, disruptive "anti-imperialism" in Allied colonies, a suicidal isolationism in the United States, disunity and anti-Yanqui hatreds in Latin-America. In America, the Soviet subservience to Hitler showed up in such things as communist-led defense production strikes, communist picketing of the "warmonger" in the White House, the effective isolationist activities of the American Peace Mobilization, the American Youth Congress, the American Writers Congress and dozens of other fellow-travelling groups. A hint of the facts was offered by Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle recently:

[2] The *New Republic*, September 1, 1941.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> I am by no means clear that the so-called communist elements in the United States are really assisting in the defense of Russia. For two years they worked with and were infiltrated by Nazi and Gestapo agents. Their espionage systems interlocked, and their propaganda people worked together. The communist organizations became so entangled and compromised with the Nazi groups that its own members did not know, and probably do not know now, when the orders came from Russian or German sources.[3]

Stalin's war guilt and his long participation on the Nazi side of the conflict cannot be expunged, even by the heroic sacrifices of the Russian people. Neither they nor the other victims of the Hitler-Stalin bargain will forget or forgive. Stalin is too vengeful himself to suppose that he can evade punishment for these crimes if and when the democracies finally win. *For that very reason he cannot regard a conclusive defeat of Hitlerism by anyone but himself with an easy mind.* He now fights Hitler because he has no other choice, but he must logically, if he can manage it, prevent a final and definitive victory for the "pluto-democracies." The Stalin crowd cannot but look on such a victory as a calamity for themselves, no matter how desirable it might be for the Russian people as a whole.

[3] Address at Williamstown, Mass., August 28, 1941.

III

Because only one of them is being reported in communiqués, it is too easy to forget that the Soviet regime is fighting on two fronts — against Germany and against the Russian people. The fact that the Russian troops are dying by the million proves nothing: millions died for the Romanoff dynasty in the first World War, but the rest turned against it murderously when its grip weakened. Russians know how to obey and how to perish. To the extent that their sacrifices are conscious, they are made for their Russian soil, certainly not for Stalin and his GPU.

The re-establishment of "political commissars" in the Red Army in the midst of the war was a public advertisement of the Kremlin's distrust of the officers' corps. No amount of propaganda varnish can alter this fact. These commissars, with the right to countermand even military orders, are simply the government's spies set to watch the officers.

Another telltale episode, melodramatic in magnitude, has been taken in their stride by our wishful thinking radio and press manufacturers of opinion. We refer to the dissolution of the Volga German "autonomous republic" and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the deportation of virtually its entire population to Siberia and the North. The official reason given is that "tens of thousands" of spies and saboteurs filled that "republic" and that the rest of the population gave them aid and comfort.

The fact alone that an entire region, after twenty-four years of Soviet blessings, has turned against the Soviet government in its hour of emergency underlines the bankruptcy of the "great experiment." The Soviet citizens are no more German in the political sense than the Armenians or the Ukrainians. They have lived in the interior of Russia for a century and a half and in essence have turned into Russian peasants. The notion that Hitler's agents could have penetrated and corrupted the whole province in the most policed and censored nation on earth is just gibberish.

The mass deportation of these German-speaking Soviet people means merely that an entire province has shown signs of revolt against the dictatorship. The significance, however, goes far beyond the one province. The Volga Germans, having retained some of their imported eighteenth century culture, are on a somewhat higher level of development than their countrymen. They consequently react more quickly to injustice and oppression than most other Russians, serving as a sort of barometer of mass emotion in Russia.

In 1929, the government used strong measures against the Volga Germans, tens of thousands of whom revolted against collectivization by abandoning their farms. Soon thereafter came the larger countrywide peasant revolt which was suppressed in blood and man-made famine. The reactions of the Volga German people were a dependable indicator of the feelings of the rest of the nation. Moscow's confirmation that revolt is rife in that one place amounts to an admission of the same state of affairs in all of Russia.

Stalin must seek some kind of armistice or other arrangement with Hitler if only because he, too, and he especially, cannot carry on a two-front war indefinitely. If the war continues to go against him, he must come to terms with Germany in order to give his full energies to maintaining his dictatorship over what remains of Russia.

When war started in 1914, the last of the Tsars sought to make peace with his people by amnesties for political prisoners and other methods. Stalin has not dared to do this; at least five million prisoners are still penned up in his concentration camps and exile regions. On

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the contrary, the screws of the internal terror have been tightened since the Germans invaded the country. Winter has always been a season of heavy privations in Soviet Russia. The coming winter will see those privations at a tragic level of mass suffering. Every defeat at Hitler's hands cuts down the prestige of the autocrat and raises the courage of the discontented.

The primary task of the Stalin regime is sheer political survival. Any proffer of capitulation that gives the Kremlin a reasonable chance of saving itself will find Stalin and his entourage not only willing but anxious to comply. There is ample holy writ in Lenin, who capitulated to the Germans at Brest-Litovsk in 1918, for such a procedure. The question, in our view, is not whether Stalin is willing to become a Soviet-style Pétain in a bigger and better Vichy. It is whether Hitler is agreeable to the arrangement and whether the Russian people and army can find ways and means of thwarting it.

It is no secret that the Kremlin has been strangely uncooperative with its new "allies." It has remained secretive and equivocal with Britain and America about its military situation, equipment and strategy. No one need doubt the reason for this. Stalin has not eliminated the possibility that he may still find himself on the Nazi side of the conflict — the possibility is both a club over his "allies" and a door of escape in the final extremity. We need only read the communist press here and in Moscow to realize that a long series of alibis has already been built up to explain and justify another Russian betrayal on the grounds of British-American failure to deliver.

These are the unpleasant truths. We must face them even as we strive to maintain the Russian resistance and to prevent another unholy Moscow-Berlin bargain. Meanwhile we must not permit Stalin's hordes of agents and mischief-making "sympathizers" to crawl out of their crevices. They are far more dangerous in the role of friends than they are as open enemies. Prime Minister Churchill, having a lot more comprehension of the Stalinist animal than our own Administration, gave a clear indication recently that he knows what he is dealing with. Charged by the one communist member of Parliament with being lukewarm toward Russia, he turned on the accuser with these words:

> I do not think I should be prepared to receive guidance in policy or conduct from an honorable gentleman who, it

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is notorious, has to change his opinions whenever he is ordered by a body outside this country.

Mr. Churchill thus served warning that he considers the British communists and fellow-travelers potential Fifth Columnists, despite their temporary good conduct. That warning should be heeded by Americans no less than by Britishers. The network of communist-influenced organizations and individuals in key positions — in our government, schools, press, entertainment industries, and now even in pro-British and pro-war groupings — will be converted into a strangling strait jacket as soon as the absentee bosses decide to pull the leading strings.

— EUGENE LYONS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ *A European writer has recorded a journey between two worlds.*

DIARY OF AN ESCAPE FROM EUROPE

By Valeriu Marcu

Nice, November 15, 1940. I am one of the most envied inhabitants of our European continent: today I received a visa to the United States. The American eagle with the majestic red seal on my passport gives me a feeling of security, somewhat poisoned by a bad conscience. Are we not deserters from the coming European revolution? Hitler's partisans do not desert; why should his enemies? But this is the way it always happens. In every battle, those who die are the best, the bravest. The same is true of emigration. I have decided to be one of the cowards. I am leaving.

Nice, November 16. Proud of my visa, I appeared before the prefecture official and asked him for an exit permit. I supposed this matter to be a pure formality and had no doubt the administration would be glad to get rid of a mouth to feed. On my way to the prefecture, I recalled the abuse heaped on foreigners and the concentration camps where friends of mine who had come to Paris because of their love for France have languished and rotted for months. The persecution of foreigners has been particularly ferocious since the collapse. It is as though the defeated French are happy to have found people weaker than themselves. They lost the war against Hitler, but won the war against their friends. I am tormented by the thought of my friend, Walter Hasenclever, a great German poet who was compelled to leave Germany even before the advent of Hitler, on account of his pro-French sentiments, and who was driven, ironically, to suicide in a French concentration camp.

The prefecture official carefully examined my American visa and declared in a resolute tone: "There are no exit visas! But you may address a request to Vichy on an official form."

Nice, November 17. Now I want more than ever to go to America! I have always been particularly interested in "reasons of state," and as a writer I have tried not merely to collect facts but to discover their

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inner logic. This prohibition of exit visas, however, seems to me entirely incomprehensible. I imagine the Germans are behind it. After all, everything in France is run by minor German officials of the Armistice Commission in Wiesbaden and the French have accepted even greater humiliations. They have decided to wage an indirect war against themselves. As a guarantee of their continued spinelessness, they have left in German hands 1,800,000 hostages, called prisoners of war.

Marseille, November 19. I have come here to find out about the possibilities of leaving French soil illegally. The place is full of fly-by-night organizations and men who promise all conceivable passports. You can get any kind of passport, just as before the war you could buy the banknotes of any country. Passports of countries still neutral are in particular demand, because with them it is easier to obtain an exit visa. Tremendous sums are demanded. All sorts of complicated stories are in circulation, enough to supply material for an endless story.

For instance, one go-between accompanied by two naval officers visited the most endangered refugees and assured them that he had chartered a ship ready to sail the following day. A few berths were still available at 30,000 francs per person. Having collected about 500,000 francs, the obliging fellow disappeared. All Marseille tells this story. It has a name: The Ghost Ship.

Another story. The police themselves, through their agents, sell false passports. At the moment the seller hands the passport to the buyer, the police suddenly appear, imprison both seller and buyer, and share the proceeds with the seller. A few days before the defendants are supposed to appear in court they are generously set free. The Marseille police never had a better time. They regard all foreigners as outlaws. They arrest them at will and release them for money. A number of women with American visas are imprisoned in the Hotel Beauregard. They are released only for very high sums. The Spanish police, too, are all-powerful here. They seize Spanish refugees who held important offices under the Spanish Republic at their hotels and take them to Spain in automobiles. The Marseille underworld has organized itself into the *Garde Pétain*, the new armed formation of the Vichy government. I discussed these facts with a high French police official, who candidly admitted them. "We are

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powerless," he said, "because those who perform police duties are today the profiteers of defeat." He added other revolting details about the gangster administration of this city.

Nice, November 21. Back in Nice, going from official to official. I sent a telegram to Vichy with a request for an exit visa. The officials shrug their shoulders and there is no answer from Vichy.

Nice, November 23. Today I have at last learned the "reasons of state" for which exit visas are not granted. It is not the Germans' fault. No, the reason is simple and banal: money! The bribe for an exit visa is 20,000 francs. If you pay, you get your visa three days later. Thousands of wealthy Belgians, Dutchmen, Poles, Czechs, Germans and Frenchmen have paid this sum.

Nice, November 25. A Belgian showed me his exit visa for which he paid not twenty but forty thousand francs because it was known that he was wealthy — and he was wheedled into buying a return permit!

Nice, November 30. I have been trying to get the visa for less but it seems impossible. The Vichy government has really carried out a reform — corruption is no longer local and disorderly but centralized. Only Ministry officials are entitled to receive bribes. But one prefecture official who saw my despair advised me not to pay but to wait. The scandal would soon cease, he said, because almost all the wealthier refugees were gone and the others would get their visas for nothing.

Nice, February 5, 1941. The official was right. Today, after nearly four months, I have at last received my visa. The French officials who demanded "reparation payments" in the form of bribes to compensate themselves for having had to move from Paris to Vichy have at last been satisfied. In a few days I will be gone!

II

In the train from Barcelona to Madrid, February 9. For many years I believed that, in countries governed by absolute rulers and arbitrary officials, bribery was a good thing because it mitigated the severity of the law and opened a door for humane feelings. My four months' wait for a visa has turned me into a rabid moralist. The benefits of corruption should accrue to the humble as well as to the wealthy. Spain is such a country. When I crossed the Spanish border, the customs officer who saw my to-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bacco told me that importation of tobacco was forbidden even to persons who did not stop in Spain. He spoke in such a categorical tone that I was prepared to accept the inevitable. Then the interpreter who takes care of foreigners at the railway station whispered to me: "Give him a package and he will let the rest go through." The customs officer took the package and his expression changed so instantaneously that I felt I was watching a comedy. He packed the rest of my tobacco with experienced hands.

I am sitting squeezed in with fifteen other travelers in this third class compartment meant for eight. You can smell the passage of time: every hour the stench grows more suffocating. The poor man's fear of fresh air is the same in every country. Nevertheless, I am lucky to have found this seat. In Barcelona, no one could tell me when I would be able to get a ticket for Madrid. Before the revolution there was one train a day; at present there are only two a week. On my arrival, I went to a travel bureau without even taking a look at Barcelona. I learned that there were no airplane tickets for the next three weeks; moreover, as a foreigner, I had no right to take a plane. As to trains, first-class and sleeping accommodations were sold two weeks in advance. Second-class tickets did not exist. To get a third-class ticket I would have to wait a few days. When I protested, I was told drily that there were many other persons as eager to get to Madrid. When I went out a stranger accosted me. "Do you want to go to Madrid today?" he asked. I thought he was making fun of me and asked him whether he owned a railway car. "No," he said, "but I have tickets." He declared he would bring me the ticket that day if I paid him triple tariff. I gave him a deposit and I had my tickets by evening. The man was most obliging. He carried my suitcases, tried to discuss politics, gave me his name and address and asked me to recommend other customers to him. "But how do you get tickets when so many hundreds of persons cannot?" I inquired. "It's very simple," he said. "The railroad employes cannot live on their wages. I always get a number of tickets which I sell and I share the proceeds with the ticket seller."

Madrid, February 11. Friends met me at the station. I found myself in a kind, hospitable milieu, an island of bourgeois happiness in a raging sea. While staying with my friends I had an opportunity to converse with Falangists. I could

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hardly believe my ears! They were all against Franco. They called the Spanish government a "bloody operetta." These old-guard Falangists feel cheated. No problem, they said, has been solved by the fighting — neither the agrarian, nor the irrigation, nor the trade-union problem. The men with whom I spoke reminded me of the National Socialists in Berlin on the eve of Hitler's seizure of power. The Falangists are convinced that Spain faces a new upheaval. One thing I clearly understood: it is no longer possible to operate with the concepts of Right and Left, Reaction and Revolution. Every new order in Europe will have to take into account the opposition within the dictatorship party.

Madrid, February 12. I have only a transit visa through Spain and have no right to stay even one day in Madrid without reporting to the police. But I have no desire to be arrested. My Spanish friends told me that they would hide me as long as I wished. This government, whose alleged partisans are so completely opposed to it, is more and more incomprehensible to me. I walked in Madrid and saw the ruins of University City. The tenacity, the determination of these battles have left their mark not only in the ruins, but also in the hearts of the Spaniards. They did not fight for a system; both sides believed that they were fighting for the dignity of the individual.

Madrid, February 13. The spectacle of misery in the streets is incredible. The poor in this country are as conspicuous as the rich. Literally starving, half-naked people stand before hotels watching those who eat inside. A beggar woman gave me a lecture on economics. She explained that the civil war had destroyed the factories, that there were no jobs. She had to support her imprisoned husband and brother.

Madrid, February 14. I have been here for a week and I want to go. I was told that the trains to the Portuguese border are rare and overcrowded but one of my Spanish friends, who knows his countrymen, comforted me. "You will get a ticket," he said. "Remember this: in our country, everything can be bought." Totalitarian officials always keep one hand raised in the Fascist salute and the other stretched out for a bribe.

In the train from Madrid to the Portuguese border, February 17. At the Madrid station I had long negotiations with a ticket seller. He demanded three times the regular fare. I agreed and left a deposit.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I returned later that day to pick up my ticket, he demanded 30 per cent more and explained that he had to share his profits with his superior, who was a high official. I resisted courageously and even obtained a reduction of 10 per cent from the original figure. An hour before departure, he brought me and a few other travelers like myself into a dark train, which stood on a side track. We were told not to make any noise, to walk on tiptoe and to manage our suitcases and the doors quietly. We had to remain in our car, refrain from looking out the windows and generally behave like smugglers with stolen goods. One hour later the train was moved to the main track, the light snapped on and a deluge of humanity poured in upon us. Hundreds of persons crowded into the car. . . .

III

Lisbon, February 18. Everything that is lacking in the rest of Europe is brilliantly displayed here. After one year of blackout, this illuminated city — with its show windows full of goods and its cars, overcrowded hotels and cafés and unconcerned faces — is like some lost world. I had forgotten that all this existed.

Lisbon, February 19. I sat on the terrace of a café and, without seeking it, met Europe's past: acquaintances, friends, opponents of various parties. Once these latter people would have considered it blasphemous to speak to one another. In the days of freedom every one of them wished the other's death. Today Hitler has pushed them literally to the edge of the continent. One more step and they would be in the water! Now they sit peacefully, one beside the other. They scarcely mention politics and are interested only in who will get to New York first. They are not interested in the question which should interest them most: who will be first to Berlin?

Lisbon, February 20. This morning I went to the steamship companies and travel bureaus to buy a steamship ticket for America. The clerks looked at me in surprise, as though I had come to ask for their daughters' hands. I want something quite normal and I am regarded as a madman. It appears that sailing before three, four or five months is out of the question. But I could register, I was told, if I would pay half the fare in advance.

"Gentlemen," I told them, "I have no permit to remain in Portugal for so long, my American visa would expire before then, and I cannot advance you a large sum for

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a ticket when you, yourself, are not even sure that I will ever get it." Everywhere the conversation was broken off the same way. The gentlemen behind the counters refused to listen to me any longer.

Lisbon, February 21. Today I spoke to the manager of a steamship company to whom I happened to have a letter of introduction. Julius Caesar himself could not have been more courted than this man. He made telephone calls and dictated to his secretary during our interview. He was elegantly dressed, heavily perfumed and he spoke with a nasal twang. "Since you have come so highly recommended, I will give you a berth in two months. I can't tell you in what class the berth will be and whether you can take your family with you. But you must, of course, make a large deposit at once." I told him I was ready to pay the usual supertariffs if he could find me a berth at once, whereupon he informed me sharply that his company, famous for a hundred years, did not do business on such a basis. A minute later I was outside. "Damn it," I thought, "I certainly made a great fool of myself." A man, who had run after me, tapped me on the shoulder. He was on the company's staff and had been in the manager's office during my interview. "You have insulted my boss," he said, "but I understand your position and I'll try to fix things up. I'll get a ticket for you." So that is how the thing is done. The incorruptible management sends its emissaries after you. The sum asked by the man was enormous — three times the price of the regular fare. "I am sorry but I don't have so much money," I was forced to tell him. "In that case," he said, "you will probably have to walk to New York."

Lisbon, March 2. I have been here for two weeks. Every day I have to spend two hours trying to settle the matter of my ticket. The rest of the time I can look at the city. The Portuguese do not persecute foreigners, refugees or Jews. Perhaps the population feels that it may be the next to emigrate. The people are fatalists and accept in advance everything that may come. Their sympathy for England is as obvious as their fear of Hitler. The idea that they could resist him with armed force seems to them ridiculous. But man does not live on sympathies or antipathies alone. The Portuguese live on Lisbon, which happens to be the only remaining free port in Europe. Lisbon is now what Zurich, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Madrid were during the First World War:

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a meeting place for an army of spies, traffickers in souls, professional intriguers, amateur diplomats, panic mongers, munitions smugglers. They bear passports of all nations and try to evade export restrictions with superhuman patience. They are ready to buy everything they can lay their hands on, even to the city's garbage. The Portuguese use this profitable business to their own advantage and they treat the various foreign agents better than the refugees. The refugees are left alone for a few weeks, then they are urged to depart. Particularly unlucky fellows are often imprisoned and compelled to sign a statement whereby they pledge themselves to leave Portuguese soil within three weeks. When the three weeks have expired, they must hire a lawyer who obtains a short postponement. The officials say they must find room for new refugees. The Portuguese have been waiting nearly two thousand years for such a boom and if their dictator were in the habit of speaking as cynically as Hitler and Mussolini, he would surely boast that he had created it. But the Portuguese dictator is discretion itself. You can live in Lisbon for weeks and never hear his name or see his picture.

Lisbon, March 7. There is nothing to be done. I can't obtain a steamship ticket, legally or semi-legally. I must resort to go-betweens. They can be found in downtown cafés and they carry their offices in their pockets. They listen to you with benevolence and assure you that they engage in such business out of sheer love for mankind. Then, according to their estimation of the customer — rich, poor, patient, impatient — they say whether it is hard or easy to get the steamship ticket. They ask double or triple fare. If you are in a great hurry to leave, the prices shoot up to fantastic heights. I know refugees who paid $2500 for a cabin which normally costs $300. But it would be a mistake to assume that all this money goes into the intermediaries' pockets. It goes to the travel agencies and steamship companies. How the profits are distributed, how much is given to the clerk, the manager and the shareholder, could be the subject of a special branch of research.

Lisbon, March 15. Sometimes the go-betweens cannot get rid of their tickets. They have asked too high a price, or the prices have dropped because of a newspaper report that the United States has decided to send a large ship to Lisbon. When this occurs, those who have bought their tickets at ex-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orbitant prices want to be refunded and buy new tickets at regular prices.

Lisbon, March 19. I saw a refugee ship. The spectacle of the overcrowded decks is tragic. You imagine such a ship during a catastrophe —a fire or a hurricane. To get a place the passengers have fought for the tickets crawling on their hands and knees, holding their dollar bills between their teeth. And now they are supposed to be happy, for they have reached their goal. A tragic witticism comes to my mind. A German refugee informs his friend that he is about to emigrate to Australia. The friend is surprised. Why so far? And the answer: "Far? Far from where?"

Lisbon, March 23. Today I obtained the promise of three steamship tickets for myself and my family. I have paid for them. The transaction succeeded partly through friendship and partly through bribes. In six days I am sailing.

Lisbon, March 27. Today I went to get my tickets. Yes, everything is ready, said the clerk. I will get the tickets a few hours before sailing. This is a new regulation, I was told, but I don't trust these people.

Aboard the SS. Guine, March 29. I am aboard ship, although my worries of yesterday were justified. The steamship company official announced casually this morning that there had been a little error in computation and that I owed a small additional sum. I was quite ready to pay, thinking that some sort of stamp duty was in question. During this trip I had paid innumerable such duties! Then the official told me with the greatest calm that I had to pay a supplement of exactly 100 per cent. I did not let him finish his sentence and began to shout like a madman. I was resolved to use my fist. Clerks and passengers surrounded us, trying to calm me down. Suddenly an elderly man appeared on the scene, asked a few questions and declared: "Very well, you may have your ticket at the price agreed." The last attempt at blackmail was repulsed victoriously. I am on my way to America.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VICTOR

A Story

By Freer Stalnaker

All at once, it seemed, he heard the dog's barking clamorous beyond the marsh. Excited, fierce, scarcely muffled by the green bush. At the same moment he realized he had heard the dog before: it had been baying for hours, an insistent savage voice that until just now he had pushed out of his mind, hoping it would stop and go away.

He went to the well-porch. The barking grew swifter, swelled to an hysteric note, broke to a snarl and growling that came muffled out of some recess. Dirt or stone hidden. Down in the ground, maybe, or in the stone piles. There was a yelp, a sound of struggle. It stopped. The dog lifted a plaintive whine cut short by a baffled cry, then out in the open again, it settled down to a long baying. The rage was gone. Its voice was loud, informative, pregnant with all the anxiety and excitement of its brute breast. This might go on for hours, the man thought. He left the porch and made his way along a path that led across the marsh into the wood.

He located the sound in the V of a huge outcropping of rocks on a little hillside. They caught sight of each other at the same time, the man and the dog. She was a large Collie-mongrel bitch, tawny in the leaf-filtered sun of the late afternoon, her dugs heavy with milk. From some neighboring farmhouse, he supposed, or the squatters on the mountain. At sight of him the bitch wagged her tail once, plunged into a hidden angle of the cliff and backed out with a look that plainly invited assistance.

He stepped forward. Under the overhanging rock, he managed to see black earth and small roots dug out raw from around a group of large boulders. The openings between were worn slick with the dirt and saliva of hours of struggle. As he hesitated, the dog again plunged in and again backed away.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He understood that, excited and furious as she was, she was overjoyed to have called this unknown man to her, that she expected aid and approval for her effort. "Good dog," he said, and worked in closer.

In one opening he saw a patch of grisly gray fur; in another, the head of a woodchuck larger than any he had ever seen. Its size and the glittering of its black eyes made it formidable. His appearance gave the animal a start. It whistled weirdly, a kind of eerie chortle so ill-fitted to its appearance that he almost believed the sound came from some other source. It drew back its head and clicked its large rodent teeth. He feinted with his hand. It leaped shortly. Its teeth snapped on emptiness. The bitch lunged past him. The woodchuck clipped a cry of pain from her. She growled, crouched back a foot or so and barked hysterically.

"Here, here," he said, pushing her aside. "Easy. Quiet down. We'll see about this."

He studied the animal's position. It was backed under three large stones, much too heavy to lift, but so balanced he believed he could roll them outwards. Other stones, some huge and heavy, piled steeply to the outcropping above him. But these three, so far as he could judge in the shadow of the recess, seemed free of the rest. If he did roll them back, the woodchuck would be exposed and could fight it out with the dog. The bitch would probably be able to kill it. If not, he could either assist with a club or else give the woodchuck a sporting chance to get away. For a moment he considered: if he did roll the stones away his own interference would be limited to the removal of an accidental barrier which stood between the two brutes. The result, either death or escape, would be the blind work of nature.

But, the thought struck him, if he really wanted nature to have sway, he could leave everything just as he had found it. Definitely he didn't want to do this. For one thing, he didn't wish to be further annoyed by the dog's barking. And she would stay there, he supposed, as long as she could see the woodchuck. For another — well, he felt a vague excitement, whether by contagion from the dog or, directly, he didn't know. That wild smell — it was sweetish and irritant, almost sickening. Suddenly he saw the solution. He'd capture the woodchuck alive. Not for any reason, particularly — just because he wanted to. Maybe he could keep it on a chain.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weathered limbs lay scattered about. The man caught up several forked ones and tried their strength. They snapped easily in his hands. He then took his pocket knife and began to cut off a sturdy forked bush. At this, the bitch closed in on the woodchuck again. Its snapping kept her at a distance. In her excitement, she began to dig up the ground with her paws.

"Here, here," the man called. "Just a minute now. Take it easy. Easy, I say."

But the man began to disobey his own advice to the dog. The bush was of tough wood, a young hickory. He had selected it for its toughness, but that same quality made it harder to procure. The knife-blade was dull. Instead of a clean cut, it shredded the wood and slipped along the grain.

He took the bush in both hands and tried to break it off with main force. The only result was to twist and bend it at the point where he had cut. In this state it was even more difficult to cut and it couldn't be broken at all. Finally he gave up and tried a bush of another kind. The same thing happened again. The blade was decidedly too dull.

He stopped a moment and found his clothes heavy with sweat. The bush held the air stifling and still. His temples pounded, his hands stung from their rough contact with bush and knife. The bitch's frantic barking brought his eyes back to the woodchuck. It had left the first opening and through the other he saw it trying to crawl further into the rocks.

The man dashed forward and pushed the dog out of the way. He snatched up one of the dead sticks. Using the stick as a lever, he managed to force the woodchuck back into the opening under the main rock. The animal bit at the wood two or three times, but without much force: it understood, evidently, that wood was only wood, that he was its real enemy. Its black eyes gleamed fixedly at him. Once, with a quick motion, it grabbed his stick, forced it down and tried to bite his hand. Its forefeet were like little hands, with delicate long black fingers each ending in a rounded nail. Once or twice it shivered, once or twice he heard it take a deep breath, always, without the slightest relaxation, it held itself in readiness.

"I'm not going to hurt you. But you don't know that," he said aloud. To himself he thought, Christ, what courage! For all it knows it's fighting for its life against overwhelming odds, but it doesn't give an inch. It hasn't even

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whistled since that first time.

His hands kept busy building a barricade of sticks across the one opening. He thought: they're solitary except when they're breeding, this one is grisly. They're sly then, the old ones. They sit for hours in the sun. They eat plants. That smell has something of plants in it. Woodchuck, whistlepig, groundhog. Maybe he's lived here twenty years, in the stone fences and the maple woods and the growing-up meadows. He sleeps in the ground when the mountains are white and silent. . . .

The dog's leap brought him alert. The woodchuck had turned to face the other opening. Hastily he began to barricade that one, too. Again it was necessary to edge the animal back a few inches. He put a stout club against the woodchuck's nose and pushed. The woodchuck pushed back. It exerted so much pressure with its almost hairless nose, that he had to use all the strength of his left arm to move it. Again and again, the animal stretched towards him and clicked its teeth.

"No good, that," he said. His voice sounded throaty, labored. He inserted another stick. As he did so, he saw it move too late. He half jerked it out of its hole with all its weight on the teeth in his thumb. The pain shot up his arm and with it, a hot anger. "Damn! God damn!" He jabbed it full in the face with a stick, leaped up, grabbed a heavy club. He'd roll the stone back and beat the life out of it, mangle it, drive all his own hurt into its lifeless body.

Realization of his own absurdity stopped him. He looked himself over as calmly as he could. Dark blood pulsed from his thumb. His gray flannels were already spattered with it. A nasty bite, his nail cut through, the flesh torn underneath. He'd probably lose the nail. "Damn!" His thumb ached with each throb of blood. He laid the club carefully to one side. He'd get it now, he would, and no odds. No odds at all.

II

On his way to find the dog, he'd noticed a dump heap where his hosts wheeled iron and other sundry refuse. He scrambled from the shadow of the huge stone-pile towards it. The dog, no longer held in check, renewed its close battle. He didn't bother to call it off. He felt too grim. The air, the stillness of the wood seemed to throb with his own heartbeats. The enraged barking of the bitch at once relieved and kindled some

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relentless purpose within him, some dark compulsion he had never felt before.

As he approached the dump, a lone brown bird startled from a bush, leaving a stir of green leaves. He heard the soft flurry of its wings, saw it rocket into the near meadow where reddish evening took it. It could go. Then, by contrast, he saw something of his own cruelty, for so at first had he felt about the woodchuck. At first he had wondered at the dog's savage persistence. Now he understood the dog. Now he himself as ardently desired to confine it in some small cage. Yes, precisely, both to punish it for the throbbing in his arm and to redeem himself in his own estimation. The recognition of his savagery, of his sorry sweated and blood smeared plight, made him more savage and stubborn still. That's what he felt. If that was cruelty, well and good. He went about his task, obstinate even to the warning of his own mind.

The dump was strewn with bottles, tin cans, old tires, hoops, an ice cream freezer, with almost every object usable in a country house, all in a state of confusion. Finally he found what he sought, a small metal barrel of the sort that is used for roofing compounds. One end was open. The elements had seen to its cleansing. That would serve admirably. Next he sought and found a galvanized lid which fitted over the end of the barrel. Then, as he was leaving, a kind of after-thought, he picked up a pick handle still shiny from recent use. With these, and not without some trouble — for the barrel kept getting caught by scraggly branches — he trudged back to the rocks.

The bitch, who seemed to have felt herself deserted, dove recklessly into the hole. Her eagerness threatened to displace his barricade. "Out," he said. "Stay back." He poked her so roughly with the pick handle that she yelped in leaping away. The yelp angered him. "Well, stay back then." And he threw down the barrel so she had to jump to avoid being struck by it.

With exasperation, not so much at the bitch as at himself, and yet at her, too, because he began to feel she was part of the savagery which had taken hold of him, he grabbed the stone next to the one where the woodchuck crouched. It was heavier than he had thought. Nevertheless, by bracing one foot against the rocks at the side, he managed to roll it free of its settled couch in the earth. Into the space

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where the rock had been, he placed the barrel, kicking it, bending it down until it fitted snugly against the grating of sticks.

He turned to the stone at the far side. But that one wouldn't give. He jerked it. His foot slipped and he brought up against it, a blow that almost knocked the breath out of him. Also he caught his injured thumb in a twirk of pain that shivered all along his arm and side. The bitch added to his confusion by hurling herself in with claws that caught and tore welts in his side. He jerked up the pick handle and gave her a belt that resounded hollowly on her ribs and sent her scrambling backwards with howls of surprise and fright.

"That'll teach you better," he said. And, in a burst, "Stay back, damn you! Stay back!"

The bitch whined. The man squatted motionless. In the silence beyond him — for he, himself, was a loudness of pain and throb — he heard tinklings of a bell from far over the hills, drowsy, musical and mournful in the declining day. The sound caught in the cobweb of his senses, but he let it struggle and die without heed. Both remaining stones, he now saw, were wedged under those above his head. But only a little. He'd have to be careful. He must not disturb those heavy upper stones.

He inserted the pick handle behind the rock and pried out. The stone resisted at first; then, with a delicate scratching, moved clear. The man breathed a deep breath of relief. He braced himself as he had before and toppled the stone backwards out of his way. All that remained now was the one stone which imprisoned the woodchuck, barricaded at either end, the barrel close up against it. If he could get the animal into the barrel, he'd slip the lid over the end of it and his work would be complete. He could rest then.

But getting the woodchuck to move from its place under the rock was no easy matter. When he pulled out the sticks, the animal leaned forward and smelled of the metal barrel. It shrank back again. Its teeth chattered. But it refused to move. Indeed, if possible, it stared up at him with eyes more defiant and more menacing than ever. He tried waiting. His patience couldn't stand much of that. Rocks cut into his knees, mosquitoes whined around his head, the wood began to grow dusky and, back of it all, an overwhelming exasperation mounted in him. He wasn't used to such effort. His aching

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

body and his curbed impulses alike cried out for an end.

He remembered the space under the rock was so small that the woodchuck had had difficulty in turning around. Watching to see the animal didn't whirl, he reached around the rock with his right hand, removed a few sticks and pushed against it from behind. Under his fingertips he felt the coarse hair, felt the animal's muscles tighten in spasms of fear. He himself trembled all over now. He shoved, squeezed hard, and yelled: "Get in there, damn you, get in!" The eerie whistle came again. He felt the muscles rigid under the loose hide. Still it didn't move. He pinched it, sunk his nails into its hide, twisted, gouged, shoved. The sweetish, irritant smell grew stronger. Its eyes became two luminous points behind which its body grew shadowy in the dusk.

"You! Christ!" And he rammed the pick handle cruelly. A sound needled every nerve in his body. The woodchuck was biting a ridge of the rock. It was grinding its teeth into the rock. A shout of rage and overstrained nerves welled hoarse from the man's mouth. He took the pick handle in both hands — jabbed, twisted, jerked against the rock. A blind muscular rage to destroy goaded him now.

The bitch sprang in, a tawny arc. He swung awkwardly at her, but she, wary of him now, ducked away from the blow with a long howl. He snatched up something and flung at her and her howl wavered behind him. He jabbed again. He strained against the rock with all his strength. Something gave, something grated, snapped. There was a slumbrous rumble overhead. The stones above, loosened at last, lurched towards him in great dark shapes. He tried to spring back. He slipped. His injured hand struck downwards. The woodchuck, a spectral gray, leaped upward and away as the overhanging rocks struck darkly down. They caught him on all fours. One smashed against his head. . . .

Several hours later the belling of the bitch, mournful and timbrous in the dark, brought a searching party from the house. Their lights wavered through the mist fuming from the marsh. The bitch bayed until their steps and voices were loud upon her, until she was caught in the furthest gleams of their lights. They saw her slink away. They found the man, his blood dark on the rocks. In the first alarm at finding him, it appeared to his friends that he had died in a struggle with some great adversary.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶ *A revolution in the national diet is now in the making.*

EATING FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

By Gaynor Maddox

Total war today means people against people, not simply the clash of armies, and it is grim truth that a nation's population stamina determines largely its chances for survival. America's chances are none too good right now, figured on that basis. Food experts say that unless we do something about the widespread malnutrition in this country our war effort may not count in the final crisis. The armed forces are well fed; too many of our citizens are not. Only a fourth of the American people get a diet rated as good. A third don't get enough to eat. The remainder will have to improve their present dietary habits if they expect to endure the emergency.

We need a minimum of sixteen million man-years of labor to build our mechanized defenses. Every employable citizen who lacks what it takes physically to put the job over is a defense hazard and thus total national health becomes a military imperative. For the duration, if not longer, it will be necessary to take the job of fighting malnutrition out of the humane and sociological category and place it on the priorities list. The Germans did it six years ago. Americans can do it now by making certain that essential food elements are given to everyone, by clamping down on the bottlenecks between the farm and the dinner table, and by making every acre of arable soil produce bumper crops of protective foods.

The first move in the defense drive against malnutrition took place last May in Washington, where more than 500 leading nutritionists, food technologists and processors gathered at the President's call to outline a comprehensive program. Two actions of this conference may one day be regarded as revolutionary in their effect on the American way of living.

First came the announcement of a scientifically established yardstick of nutrition, a blueprint for national stamina which may in time banish folklore and lunacy from American menus. Next, the conference stated the official re-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quirements in thiamin, nicotinic acid and iron for the new "enriched" flour and bread. This "war bread" looks and tastes like the familiar loaf of devitalized white bread but it has added iron and elements of the vitamin B complex. These are important additions. Lack of thiamin may cause mental depression, easy fatigue and undue anxiety; nicotinic acid deficiency produces mental confusion and disorientation; anemia develops from insufficient iron in the diet. Enriched flour and bread are now on the market and the standards are to become generally effective on January 1, 1942.

Refined white sugar, another important American staple, is slated for change. Federal experimenters are seeking ways to fortify it without essential modification of taste or appearance. They may be able to enrich it with dry milk solids. When a method is perfected, the logical next step would be to impose on the sugar industry a voluntary improvement in its product, just as millers and bakers were required to improve bread. Vitamins will also be added to edible fats and, in fact, all staple foods may soon be brought into the defense line. Many nutritionists think our pure food laws are too negative. They argue that food, especially in time of war, should not only be free from injurious matter but up to legally established nutritional standards.

The revolution in eating has only begun but already there have been sharp skirmishes between government and business. On the margarine and butter front, for instance, a Congressional barrage was laid down last July after the Consumers' Counsel of the Department of Agriculture had informed the public in a radio broadcast that oleomargarine is not only much cheaper than butter but is also a valuable source of calories and vitamin A. (Both margarine and butter must contain by law at least 80 per cent fat and under the new government standards a margarine manufacturer must add at least 9000 units of vitamin A to his product, if he adds it at all. There is about the same number of units in butter.) The dairy interests were naturally enraged. They felt even worse when a government spokesman asserted that these same powerful interests had succeeded in imposing high taxes on margarine in many states so that many people were forced to buy butter when they could not afford it.

Just as bitter has been the fight between national canners and various consumer groups over the question of grade versus descriptive

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labeling. Government grades for various canned vegetables and fruits have set easily recognizable standards. These grades are voluntary today but the battle is on to make them compulsory. The big producers say their huge publicity outlays to popularize brands will be entirely lost under grade labeling and they claim, too, that it is not always possible to grade fruits and vegetables as accurately as government grading standards require.

These struggles raise the whole question as to whether or not objective science will prevail in the defense effort against industrial pressure groups and political lobbies. If it is true that grade labeling prevents a hidden drop in quality and opens the way for small canners to put more of the essential fruits and vegetables on the market, thereby reducing the cost to consumers of these vitamin-rich foods, then these standards become military imperatives. If accredited nutritionists and food economists find that grade labeling will insure more nutrition to more people when every food dollar must be stretched to the limit, then science must win out.

Should America undergo a food revolution in order to survive, it will revolt along scientifically guided lines. Today we have a sound basis for our knowledge of the exact way in which food affects the human body and morale and we have an agricultural plant capable of development to almost unlimited capacity. But before we can close the gap between our new nutritional knowledge and its human application, two popular American myths must be destroyed. One is the idea that "pretty nearly every American gets plenty of good, wholesome food to eat." The other, even more popular, is the thesis that "we have so much surplus food in the United States that we don't know what to do with it."

Here is the factual side of the picture. Dr. H. K. Stiebeling, an international expert and senior food economist for the United States Bureau of Home Economics, reports more than 35 per cent of American families living on diets which do not furnish even the minimum of all the foods needed for health. Our more than forty million potentially malnourished defense industry workers do not live in one particular section of the country, Dr. Stiebeling adds, nor do they belong to one particular economic class. They are found in every community, in every state. More of them are in the lower income classes than in the higher, more in

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

larger families than smaller, and more in cities and villages than on farms.

As for the myth of a bountifully fed America, New York's Borough of Manhattan reported as long ago as 1932 that 29 per cent of its school children were definitely undernourished. A report last year of the Texas Welfare Association disclosed that in one East Texas county, where surplus commodities were the only assistance given to unemployables and the unemployed alike, at least 205 of the county's deaths in 1938 were hastened by lack of a balanced diet. And a Texas clinic director says: "Of all the patients examined by the free clinic during 1938, the majority were suffering from diseases that are traceable directly to malnutrition and its complications." These reports are typical. The wide spread of malnutrition was further proven by the draft, in which it was estimated that perhaps one-third of the rejections were due either directly or indirectly to nutritional deficiencies.

II

To produce more "whole men" we must produce more food, but the myth that we have more food now than we know how to handle impairs the government's drive for more tomatoes, more eggs, more meat and other dietary staples. Milo Perkins, author of the Food Stamp Plan and director of the Surplus Marketing Administration, asserts that the term "surpluses" as applied to such essential foods as dairy products, meats and many fruits and vegetables "is actually a smug, polite name for a shocking amount of underconsumption. More of them should be produced on the lands now in export crops which can no longer be sold in an overseas market."

Surgeon General Thomas Parran also has deflated the myth of too much food. "To give all of us what we need nutritionally, we should increase by nearly 50 per cent our national production of milk and milk products," he says. "If our full domestic needs are to be met, we do not have any *real* surplus of agricultural production, except of wheat, cotton and tobacco. If we add the crying needs of Great Britain to our own requirements, if all our people are to have a thoroughly good diet, we are faced with a shortage of animal proteins, of milk and milk products and of legumes. We cannot afford now to use as many acres as before to growing cotton, wheat and tobacco." Conservative studies by Dr. Stieb-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eling and other experts show that the United States needs to consume at least 10 to 20 per cent more milk, 10 to 25 per cent more butter, 25 to 70 per cent more tomatoes and citrus fruits and about twice as much leafy, green or yellow vegetables. Other researchers insist that we must devote forty million more acres to growing protective foods, but that estimate is for normal, peace time needs and must be increased.

The Department of Agriculture estimated last spring that the purchases of food for Great Britain would total five hundred million dollars for the fifteen months ending July 1, 1942. Some officials now believe that the amount will be increased by a quarter of a billion. Translate this figure into the particular foods that England needs — lard, pork products, cheese, dry skim and evaporated milk, beans and cereals. Those are the foods America needs more of, too. Now add the government's reserve purchases, the increased amounts of food bought by consumers with larger pay checks and the added quantities eaten by young men in the Army. Then remember that more than a third of our people do not get enough to eat. The total of these factors deflates the myth of surplus foods.

A variety of weapons has been mobilized to out-maneuver malnutrition. The wider use of food stamps for lower income groups, a nation-wide educational drive for better food buying habits and more modern methods of cooking, and the increase in free school lunch programs — these are three major concerns of the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Service.

Lack of sufficient rolling stock may cause false shortages in certain foods just as transportation, not production, caused a shortage of gasoline along the eastern seaboard. The east coast relies heavily on the west coast for large supplies of food. But the British and our own military forces also depend on the west coast for airplanes and other implements of defense. A transportation lag must necessarily develop because there won't be enough freight cars or trucks to get both planes and food to the Atlantic at the same time.

Food technology, not sectional politics, must solve the problem. Even now the government is experimenting with the dehydration of west coast foods. When packed, these foods take up only one-fifth to one-half the space of canned or frozen foods and require none or a minimum of refrigeration. They weigh only 10 to 25 per cent as

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much as food in other forms. At present, however, both canned and frozen foods are superior in flavor and vitamin content. The problem is to dehydrate foods so that vitamins and flavor are retained. Both the Army and Navy are encouraging experiments in improving dehydrated foods for their own use.

The efficiency of workers with bad food habits may be increased by nutritional conditioning. England's experience with community feeding in industrial plants and bombed areas has measurably increased the physical endurance and morale of her people. Nutritional conditioning under scientific control at one English camp resulted in the induction into the Army of 87 per cent of young men who had been rejected. Many defense plants in the United States report that community feeding along sound nutritional lines has decreased both accidents and the volume of absentee workers, resulting in a production increase. From these proven practices, it would appear to be a logical defense transition to controlled community feeding for large sections of the American public engaged in necessary defense activity.

The dangerous price increases in protective and other foods may bring about another revolutionary step in American life. We know that the government intends to solve some malnutrition problems through wider distribution of food stamps. But that may not be enough, especially for the large group of white collar workers. The day may come shortly when a man's wage is measured not only in cash but in vitamins and minerals. Experts can check the purchasing power of his cash wage against the new national yardstick of nutrition. Will his money buy enough of the right foods to keep him and his family in health and stamina? If not, the government and his employers may arrange to add to his payroll sufficient non-transferable food stamps to guarantee him and his family enough of the protective foods needed to keep them vigorous in time of national emergency.

The entire nation must face the fact that "eating as usual" threatens our national stamina in the face of peril. To defend ourselves against totalitarianism, we may have to surrender for a time the right to decide what crops we will grow and what foods we will process and eat. Science and war time economics must redraw our agricultural map. The newer knowledge of nutrition can rebuild a nation of men and women who will possess invincible stamina.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRANGE CLUBS WE JOIN

By S. L. Solon

The gregariousness of human beings — which in the olden days sent grandpappy to the corn-husking bee and father into the volunteer fire department — has been somewhat frustrated by the efficiency of modern living. Barber shops, once meccas for idle confabulators, have been supplanted by austere, white-tiled laboratories, and the barbers have exchanged their line of gossipy chatter for professional advice on tonsorial artistry. The village grocery with its cracker barrels, worn counters and fly-specked showcases — has capitulated to a smart, modern emporium which offers small chance for camaraderie.

But the passing of these and similar beloved American institutions has not seriously daunted the clubby exponents of democratic collectivism. Their answer to the challenge is visible in the mushroom growth of a multitude of "cause" clubs throughout America. The principle behind the "cause" club is simple: in an era of specialization individuals of like mind and good cheer must seek a common denominator to unite them in their hours of recreation To save time and bootless experimenting, the "cause" has become the focus for the release of inhibitions. A plethora of causes have served as the *casus belli* of this neotribalism. The major ones are well-known: temperance, vegetarianism, fruitarianism, nudism, antivivisectionism, psychical research benevolence, art, literature and the cultivation of delphinium. Some of them have become influential international movements. The sundry universal language societies, gathered around the synthetic languages — Volapuk, Ido and Esperanto — have in their time made governments sit up and take notice.

Too numerous to count are the fly-by-night clubs which have had their transient hour and disappeared into the abyss of lost causes. Such groups as the Screwballs of America, organized with much fanfare and a nationwide radio hookup in the Sixth Avenue sub

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way diggings, and the Torch Bearers of America offering solace to victims of unrequited love, were merely devices to peddle insignia in the five and ten. Their life-span was appropriately short.

On the other hand, the dyed-in-the-wool screwballs proceed to organize such authentic associations as the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers "to preserve the traditions and memories of this forgotten craft." Men who as boys grunted and sweated in the organ loft meet regularly to recount their experiences. The Guild's roster of 1000 lists such members as Will Hays, Myron T. Herrick, Tony Sarg and Julius Rosenwald. Its motto is apt: "Pump for the wind is fleeting." Currently the Guild has branched off in other directions and among its present activities is "the preservation of wooden dapple-gray horses that used to stand in front of harness shops."

For a time liars' clubs had a vogue. The most famous of them is the Burlington Liars Club whose annual tall-tales contest has almost become a national institution. Two years ago the prize was won by a Mr. Jordan with the story of a rat who came in for shelter on a cold New England day. Mr. Jordan was nonplussed as to how to trap the rodent until he got the idea of placing bait under the thermometer. In the morning the rat was dead. The mercury had fallen so fast it had pinned him to the floor. When the prize — a lyre set with a "diamond" — was awarded Mr. Jordan, some members of the club protested, charging that Jordan had worked as a professional entertainer under the name of Fibber McGee. "How can us amateurs compete with a professional who lies for a living?" one of them complained. The Club's president replied briefly: "There's no such thing as a professional liar. Lying is a labor of love and any money a liar may get from it is purely incidental." Up to now the Club has ignored the University of Maryland professor who says all congenital liars should be locked up for life; but an all-out campaign may be in the offing. . . .

There are the rough and ready clubs, of course — people who have been places and done things. The Adventurers Club in New York holds an annual dinner where hunters, explorers and soldiers can trade yarns. Sometimes just for the hell of it a practical joker will pull a stunt. At one meeting a gun was fired and a man fell to the floor. The Adventurers milled around in confusion until the "victim" arose

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laughing. The Caterpillar Club, formally organized in 1922, is made up of about 1000 pilots who saved their lives by parachute jumps. So distinguished is its coveted membership that beginners today look wistfully at the almost accident-proof planes they pilot and pine for the old days in aviation when a man had something to worry about.

The Flying Jackass Club of Wright Field and the Dumbbell Club of San Antonio limit their membership to officers "who distinguish themselves by some prize bit of bone-head flying like hitting a mule in the vast reaches of Kelly Field or falling out of an airplane for no good reason." Belonging on a lower rung of the adventurers' ladder is the YOAOAYF Club (You're Only As Old As You Feel). Members pride themselves on being irrepressible. An eighty-year-old female member took her first airplane ride while a colleague shinnied up a smokestack just to show that he wasn't slowing up.

You will be glad to know the Rainy Day Club of America, organized in 1896, still exists, although to the cursory eye it would appear to have outlived its usefulness. Its original object, according to its constitution, was "to try to influence women to wear in inclement weather the rainy day dress, and to have their street dresses not less than six inches from the ground and at all times sufficiently short to clear the sidewalk, thereby freeing the wearer from the danger of spreading contagion by carrying into the home germs of disease." Now that this has been achieved the Rainy Day Club hopes to march on to new victories "promoting artistic and sanitary reforms in house and home."

Serious young men of the American Rocket Society jot down their mathematical formulae and keep alive the dream of interplanetary communication. And the Anti-Profanity League, with 32,000 members, blushingly pursues its hunt for the wicked four-letter word — averting its glance from the lusty Committee Against Censorship, which robustly damns all attempts to tame the arts.

II

It would be a mistake to deny the merits of many of these organizations. The uninitiated may find the annual conclave of hay fever victims pointless; but to the red-eyed cachooing sufferer this opportunity offered him by the Asthma and Hay Fever Club of New York is balm for the aggrieved soul and

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sore nose. Under the direction of sneezing veterans, he swaps experiences with sympathetic brothers-in-misery and, incidentally, is brought up to date on allergies.

The Benevolent and Protective and Completely Universal Order of Fred Smiths of America was organized to assist the United States Government in distributing mail to the army of Fred Smiths who share the common name and, occasionally, each other's correspondence. The Society for Prevention of Calling Sleeping Car Porters "George" cost its founder, George William Dulaney, Jr., $6000. It now has 30,000 members whose moniker, either given or surname, is George. Those little signs in sleeping cars giving the names of attending porters are the handiwork of this Society.

A typical result of the yen to organize interests and coordinate efforts is the World Calendar Association, which seeks to "reform the calendar, so that it may be balanced in structure, perpetual in form and harmonious in arrangement." The Simplified Spelling Movement has left its impression on written English: *plough* has become *plow* and *draught* has become *draft*, and members of this group continue to *lov yor nabor* the simplified way. Earnestly sincere in their purpose, the opponents of capital punishment have banded together and influenced several nations "to abandon the deliberate and premeditated murder of individuals through the judicial process."

An excellent purpose is served by the Borrowed Timers Club, organized in 1936 by a small group of men and women who refused to die on schedule. Doctors told them they had only a short time to live but they have far outdistanced the medicos' predictions. The constitutional object of this body is "to remain among the living, to be self-supporting, to be of some value to society and to enjoy happiness." In addition to supporting themselves they provide for fifteen invalids ineligible for membership because no physician has set a time limit on their lives.

Less purposeful, perhaps, but no less justifiable, are the Last Man Clubs — popular phenomenon among ex-soldiers. Members of a company who saw action together pledge to meet once a year to toast their fallen comrades. Each year the table is set for the original membership. A bottle of good wine is set aside to be opened by the last man to remain alive. He is to drink to those who have gone and dissolve the organization. Recently,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a tottering eighty-seven-year-old Civil War veteran solemnly arose at a table set for thirty-three and touching his lips to the wine which had soured with age, addressed the vacant chairs and announced that the club was disbanded.

The Dead Men's Club is very much alive and kicking. Its members are American veterans of the first World War who were officially but wrongly reported killed in action.

Clubs for the furtherance of courtship are very popular. The Widows and Widowers Club in Ohio holds an annual convention attended by members from all over the United States. The founder hopes that members "will find so much liking for one another that many of them will return to their homes as man and wife." The Club claims the distinction of "being the only one which gains in purpose by loss in membership."

California has its Tiptoppers' Club of giants and giantesses. Kae Sumner, an attractive girl of six feet, three inches, who founded it, explains the success of the Tiptoppers simply. "All through school and college," she says, "I suffered untold agonies thinking I'd never find a man as tall as I was. But the Tiptoppers changed all that. Now we have a dance every Tuesday and all I have to do is choose the partner I like best. It's terrific."

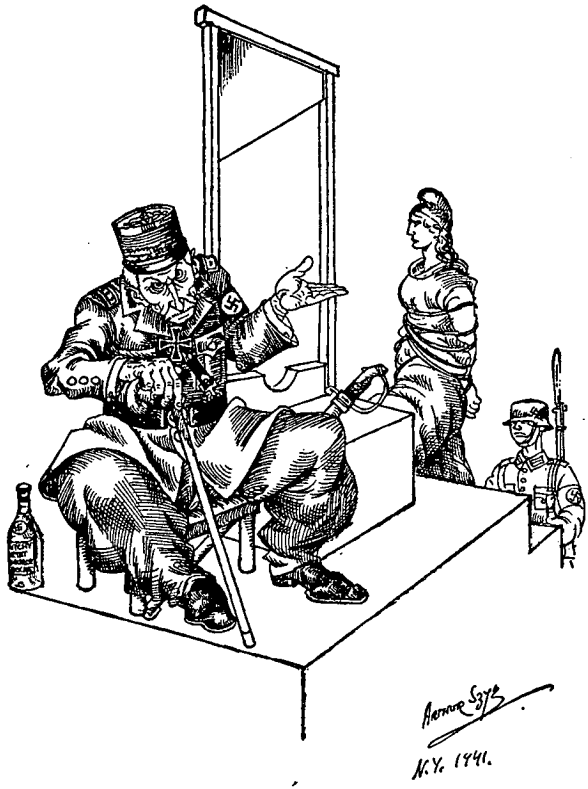
Such organizations as the Lonesome Club at Actors' Church in New York help make a small world of a big city. In eighteen months the club boasts 300 marriages. Mr. J. Otis Swift, who conducts a euphuistic nature column in the New York *World-Telegram*, accidentally started a club when he invited those of his readers who liked walking to join him in a Sunday hike. He discovered that the apartment-caged denizens of Bagdad-on-the-Subway are the walkingest people in the world. Dozens of groups each week-end visit the wide open spaces via subway, ferry and bus and there take long hikes. This group has been called the "lonely hearts club of the out-doors" and now numbers some 110,000 members.

The list can go on and on: clubs to establish the Bertillon system for the identification of dogs, grouch clubs to discourage optimism, clubs for and against superstition, clubs for the perpetuation of the medieval armorer's craft, clubs for waterproof books for bathtub readers, clubs of amateur cooks and professional town criers, clubs of model craftsmen who work in toothpicks; and Anti-Hats-in-Theatres Clubs. Last,

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and probably least, is the Unincorporated Fanciers of an Imaginary Three-toed Sloth, whose constitution demands that they meet regularly seven nights a week to discuss over many potations the current escapades of their invisible protégé.

Behind it all there is a rambunctious zest for living. It is only when America will stop forming clubs and begin nursing its inhibitions in sullen silence that we shall have to sound the danger signal. That time is not yet. The fraternal horizon shows no darkening.



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

By George Jean Nathan

Drama as A War Atrocity

The Germans have much to answer for in a direction even quite apart from the consequences of their military lunacy. In the last quarter of a century they have been the worst influence on the drama since the eruption of Scribe and Sardou. Both through the first world war and the one now still in operation they have inspired playwrights here and abroad to the confection of some of the damnedest rubbish known to Christendom; they have converted a recognizable portion of the stage from its quondam concern with dramatic art into a platform for the dispensation of automat propaganda, tuppenny editorialization, cameraless movie junk and boiler-factory cacophony; and they have turned the once proud theme of war — a theme that contributed to Greece's great dramatic glory — into the leitmotif of tin-pot melodrama, grease paint gulp and tear distilleries, and portentously solemn but insubordinately uproarious dramatic belly-lettres.

The moral indignation which the Boches induced twenty-five years ago and which the Nazis have induced more recently, working its wicked will on writers for the theatre, has exercised the evil pressure upon art that indignation of any kind usually does. During the earlier war, the result was a tidal wave of foreign and domestic claptrap having chiefly to do with the shock suffered by women upon discovering, somewhat belatedly, that the men they had been married to for all of thirty-eight years had German blood in their veins, with the possibility that even one's own grandpappy was a spy in the employ of the enemy, and with the penchant of the Huns for all the major crimes in the catalogue, first and foremost among them, of course, being rape.

The present war has been even more productive of hot fruits, albeit of a slightly different nature. Its particular bequest has been a succession of footlight explosions shaking the nerves out of us with fatidical pictures of a Hitler-censored stage that would no longer be

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able to exalt us with such masterpieces as *Abie's Irish Rose* and *Flight To The West*, with ominous analogies of invaded little Finland and our own beloved Jersey City, and with the inculcation in us of the suspicion that any man amongst us with a rigidly erect spine, a somewhat sibilant speech and a scrupulously pressed morning coat is beyond peradventure of a doubt a scheming Nazi.

In such cases where indignation has been strainfully tempered with deliberation, what we have got from both wars has been not much better. In these instances a luxuriant rhapsodic soulfulness has taken the place of melodramatic fury and the crystallization has been a series of exhibits, couched either in free verse or California Burgundy prose, which have sought simultaneously to wake us up and break our hearts with metaphorical treatises on the nobility of self-sacrifice, the ecstasy of a threatened democracy, the ignominy of defeatism, and the sacred trust of a refugee problem involving such starving and pathetic paupers as Baron Rothschild, the Countess Szechenyi and Pola Negri.

One of the leading catastrophes of the present war, however, is the effect upon the drama of enemy bombing. Nor has the effect, apparently, been confined to the drama. So far as I can make out from extensive reading, this bombing business has usurped the rapt attention of nine foreign newspaper correspondents out of every ten, and of novelists, essayists, memoirists, poets, and literati generally without end. It has been difficult to pick up a Sunday newspaper or magazine without finding in it an extended rhetorical description of the suscitation that such bombing has had on the soul of the writer, to say nothing of on the souls of everyone else, both in and out of air-raid shelters, for a hundred miles round. While one might think that the effect might not be acutely dissimilar, so far as spiritual experience goes, to being in a Mills Hotel during an earthquake, it seems it isn't so. It seems that bombs have a peculiar and idiosyncratic way of converting everyone into sterling heroes and beatified saints, particularly if they blow one's home into smithereens and blast off one's arms, legs and, wherever possible, head. And it has not been much less difficult to find a novel which hasn't repeated the panegyrics of the newspaper and magazine correspondents, only more rapturously.

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's play, *The Wookey*, is a forerunner of

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what we may expect on the subject of bombs versus the drama. Operating under the theory of the correspondents that there is nothing like a sufficiently puissant bomb to change the rankest poltroon and scalawag into an immediate combination of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Nathan Hale and Krishnamurti, with slight overtones of Duff Cooper and Walter Winchell, Mr. Brennan presents us with a lowly Cockney barge captain who stoutly opposes the British government's war policies until one of the aforesaid eggs lands on his household shack. His metamorphosis is thereupon instantaneous. In a jiffy he is done with his old wisecracks, his old hesitations, his old doubts, and off he goes like another Hector to get even with Goering. All as smoothly and automatically as slot apple pie, and just as mechanical and doughy.

There is, of course, no reason in the world why such a theme might not make quite as good drama as, say, the almost equally arbitrary theme of *Hamlet*, save alone the reason that the kind of playwright who is fetched by it is usually the kind that is an inferior one. And Mr. Brennan is haplessly of that species. The measure of a good dramatist is to be found in the manner and means by which he delineates flux in character. The good dramatist maneuvers it internally; the bad dramatist, externally. The mental and psychic changes of the heroes of fine drama are not wrought by bombs or collisions of papier-mâché locomotives or revolvers pressed against the midriff or rescues from the East River by moonlight. They occur in the great inner silences, with the quiet and stealthy tread of either tame or wild tigers. Or in lesser men, of family cats.

Mr. Brennan is a further sample product of the fell influence in hi conviction that a hell of a stage racket is synonymous with exciting drama. What with his off-stage Stukas, Heinkels and Messerschmitt and his fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Metro-Goldwyn sound effects, his exhibit merchants all the noise and incidental dramatic quality, to say nothing of ear-tortured discomfort, that would be vouchsafed by a 1941 paraphra of some such peanut-gallery melodrama of forty and more years ago as *Across The Pacific*, with its gun nery din, or *The Soudan*, with it battle hullabaloo. Thinking quickly back over the war plays of al history, I cannot recall one of an authentic quality that was no practically soundless. *What Pric Glory?*, with its brief uproar at th

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nd of the second act, may be an xception of sorts, but are there ny others? All the more modern nes that have gone in for gun, annon, bomb or dynamite noises ave, surely, been pretty shabby airs from any reputable critical iewpoint.

II

t is commonly asserted that war is oo big a subject for the drama, hat the theatre and its few allotted ours are too constricted for so reat a subject, and that as a conseuence the stage and drama have ad to fall back on its lesser aspects. his, of course, is the sheerest nonense. The point is, rather, that war too big a subject only for too ttle dramatists and that it is they ho perforce have had to fall back n its minor incidentals. War was ot too big a subject for the Greek ramatists, nor for Shakespeare, chiller, or the Shaw of *Saint Joan.* is simply too big for the Sherffs, Howards, Brennans and the te.

It is these small fry in the field f the drama who think to write ne modern drama of men in war ther in terms of Gorki's *Night efuge* with sound effects or Henry rthur Jones' *The Hypocrites* with very other character in uniform. When such shenanigans do not appeal to them, there are always other equally facile paraphrases near to hand. They can always lay hold of some old melodrama, eliminate the big mechanical effect that was the show's one claim to success, rewrite the dialogue in more strictly copy-book English, and incorporate into the play a few pearls cabbaged from Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson or Samuel Grafton, which is pretty sure to get them at least six or seven votes from the Pulitzer Prize Committee.

They can, further, if their ideas are running slightly slower than usual, always resort to some such general scheme as Galsworthy's *The Mob,* set peace-lover against war-lover and in their arch-paraphrases either prove that the peace-lover is a low scoundrel who once studied German in the Milwaukee Central High School and is hence in all probability a corpsbruder of Hitler or that the war-lover has two million dollars in du Pont stocks hidden away in safe deposit boxes, is a bachelor without a son liable for army duty and cannon fodder, and is accordingly an even lower scoundrel than the other.

Or they can, further still, always dig out of their trunks plays they wrote years ago and which they

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could not sell, make the poor old inventor a German-American with photographs of Washington, Lincoln and Calvin Coolidge above his work-bench, change the mortgage shark into a bigoted non-interventionist, cast Molly Picon as the poor old inventor's wife, put in a scene in which the phonograph ironically grinds out the Gettysburg Address the while a lot of bums from the gashouse district beat up the old German-American, and thus prove that America is a great melting pot and the future hope of a war-plagued world.

The imagination displayed by most writers of war plays or plays touching upon war is usually not surpassed even by that displayed by writers of Cinderella and Hollywood plays, which is getting about eight thousand feet below sea level. And the reason isn't far to seek. The war plays are generally concocted either by persons who never got nearer to the subject they are writing about than the front pages of the daily newspapers, or maybe the editorial pages, or by others who, though they have been in the thick of it, have been so overpowered by it emotionally that they remain in the position of a man composing a treatise on obstetrics while his wife is giving birth to their first baby. There is a third class of writers, too. These are they who, aloof from both battlefield and any considerable external reading, approach the subject in the mantle of philosophical dramatic poets. These, four times out of five bring to the subject all the purple passion of teetotalers, all the wisdom of Quiz Kids, and all the lyrical grandeur of a Mussolini speech.

There may be food for some meditation in the circumstance that the only two American plays of any real or relative critical quality that resulted from World War I were cast very largely in the comic mold, to wit, the before noted exceptional *What Price Glory!* of Anderson and Stallings and the lesser *Johnny Johnson* of Paul Green. There may be even more food for meditation in the circumstance that the only Central European play of any critical quality that resulted from that same war was also cast in the comic mold, to wit *The Good Soldier Schweik* of Carl Zuckmayer. And there may be quite as much food for meditation in the circumstance that the dismal gravity of the French contrived to produce only second- and third-rate plays at best and that, with all of England's gravity, the only reputable play to come out of the nation in turn was the witty *Heartbreak House* of Bernard Shaw.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

The Tiger of the Skies

By latter autumn now, most of the birds that nested and sang in the green summer woods have migrated to regions where the coming months will be less bitterly cold and snowbound than in the northern earth scene. The time that lies ahead, until the shadblow shall bloom again, is not a season easily endured: enormous drifts lie over the tops of the weed seeds, threatening starvation; icy gales numb small warm bodies that cannot find a refuge from them; and always, pattering through the snow in the wintry moonlight, are sharp-muzzled foxes with hunger in their bellies, and silent-footed weasels eager for new prey. There are not many kinds of birds that find the northern winter bearable. But there are a few; and there is one preeminently. It is the great horned owl, the tiger of the woods. The great horned owl is feathered against the bitterest cold and it has no insistent need in its spirit for green sunlit leaves or summer sky or the warm earth. A haunter in every season of the deep darkness of the loneliest woods, it has no needs but for solitude and blood. Its fierce, wild spirit is not alien to the grimmest and darkest seasons of earth and the icy blackness of midwinter nights is not less propitious than a mild May twilight for its silent-winged death errands in the forest. In harsh midwinter as in summer the great horned owl can contrive to keep its crooked claws stained with the coagulated blood of victims. It needs no more than this to know contentment in its solitary place in the heart of the hemlock woods, and to utter its howling, quavering scream of dark exultancy.

The life cycles of most birds begin in May or June, the fledglings entering into a universe of blossoming flowers and shining sky and the scent of growing things. The harsh and somber life cycle of the great horned owl begins, appropriately, in the most formidable time of latter winter, the season of final desperate effort among surviving wild creatures to keep alive until the spring solstice. In early March or even February, the owl

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prowls in the stripped woods in search of the abandoned nest of a hawk or crow. On its enormous wings, five feet in spread from tip to tip, it glides through the tree-tops seeking. When it has found such a deserted cradle of coarse twigs and branches as will serve it, it appropriates the structure, ejects the mounded snow from it with scuffings and kickings of its tremendous talons, and settles down to the depositing and brooding of its two round, soiled-white eggs. The season of snows has not ended and as the female owl broods motionless in the nest, day after day, snowfalls often drift down upon her, covering her tawny back and peaked ear tufts and making a mounded white rim upon the edge of the nest. She is as unregarding of this as of any of the other elemental happenings which might daunt a creature of less wild savage strength.

The great horned owl's eggs are not laid, as are most birds', in quick succession. The layings are spaced by several days. Commonly, as winter passes into early spring, the owl nest contains one unhatched egg and one young chick. When the parent owl leaves her nest periodically now, to sail silently through the dark woods, with huge yellow eyes peering at the earth for a stir of hare or deer mouse, the chick maintains fierce guard over the unhatched egg beside it. The chick has nothing of the look or manner of a fledgling soft-beaked robin or any baby bird of the June hedgerows. Thickly down-covered, standing strongly upright upon its powerful, small claws, it stares from its tree-top cradle with defiant, gleaming eyes. Its horny owl beak, hooked for tearing flesh, is snapped in a staccato of fury at sight of any passing danger.

The infant owl feeds enormously. All through the night the parents hunt, gliding soundlessly through the darkness to where the partridges roost asleep in the pines, skimming on outstretched wings close to the tree boles, where the white-footed mice have made their tunnels, pouncing in incredibly quick, swooping dives upon any living thing that can be found venturing abroad in the spring darkness. Trip after trip they make to the nest, bringing squealing prey in their talons. As week succeeds week, the owl nest becomes littered with picked bones and gobbets of rotten meat and it takes on the same stench that clings forever to the feathers of all great horned owls: the rank smell of putridity and stale blood. The fledgling owls, like their parents, feed in the characteristic owl fash-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ion. Such small prey as mice and infant rabbits they gulp whole, stretching their hooked beaks and contorting their necks to engulf the morsel; such larger game as hares they tear into bulky chunks. When they have digested the flesh of the food, the indigestible ingredients — hair and bones and claws of the eaten creatures — are spewed forth as pellets of vomit. The owl nest, by the time full spring has come, is piled with regurgitations and with the débris of weeks of carnivorous feeding — the little, pointed skulls of white-footed mice, the spines of rabbits, feathers torn out of the warm bodies of small birds. Even the earth beneath the owl tree is strewn with the relics of many hundred deaths.

It is in their tenth or twelfth week of life that the young owls leave the nest. They move from it into the fork of a nearby branch, flapping their great wings, preening their smeary feathers, staring down into the dark forest which now, as adults, they are to make their hunting grounds. The young owls look nearly like their parents now. Their sooty-brown bodies, blotched and mottled with grayish-white, are marked by a facial circle of black feathers; black-webbed tufts like the ears of a lynx rise pointedly at each side of their broad, powerful heads in peaks nearly two inches high; heavy featherings sheathe their black-tipped, horny claws. Their cumbrous bodies are almost two feet long now from beak to tail and when they stretch their wings the span is nearly the height of a man. They are equipped for adulthood as tigers of the air. They are ready to prowl the darkness, peering this way and that with their contractile-pupilled yellow eyes, and with silent expertness to spread death among the small inhabitants of the forest.

Before the young owls finally leave the region of the nest, the parents do a curious thing. It is an act oddly eloquent of the harsh, wild temper that pervades their lives, the mood of violence and fierce uncompanionable aloneness. They go to the rank-smelling nest that has been the cradle of their young and furiously, methodically, tear it to pieces. The limed twigs and blood-fouled little branches of the nest are ripped asunder and scattered to the earth. When at last the young owls fly from the region of their birth as a part of the company of adult great horned owls, no sign remains of the place where their infancy was spent. No sign but the decaying litter, among

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the leaf mould at the owl tree's base, of little skulls and claws and pellets of vomited fur.

The adult days of great horned owls are mostly spent dozing in the deep fastnesses of evergreen forest. The owl sits rumpled, somnolent, away from the glare of the sun and from all the singing, soaring, frolicking of the rest of bird life in the bright fields and woods. These are not hours, or company, for which it has a taste. It remains solitary, deep withdrawn into itself, in the kind of gloomy, silent place that is congenial to its dark spirit. Only when dusk comes and the night quietness lies over the woods does it stir and stare about it with tiger-yellow eyes and presently lift its enormous wings in flight. No sound does it make as it slips into the dusk. The featherings of its wings are loose and down-tipped, in order that it may move through the night in utter soundlessness. Quiet as the falling of a leaf is the long, swift, downward glide when the owl has seen a rabbit, nibbling in the meadow grass under the moon; unsuspected is the coming of the death it brings. When it has crushed a victim in its stained talons, it repairs as unnoticeably as it came to its dark retreat in the furthest forest. Silently, in solitary contentment, it tears the hot flesh, gulps fur and bone. Sometimes, presently, it utters the cry that is the sound of its satisfaction, a snarling and yelping like a fox's, or a hooting squall like the howl of a great cat.

As the years pass, a great horned owl's claws become black with the stainings of blood and its feathers have perpetually the odor of decay and death. There is also another smell, commingling rankly. It is the smell of skunk. The great horned owl attacks skunks without hesitancy. As it snaps their spines with its talons, it is as unheeding of their stench as it was of the falling of snow in its birth nest, or of any other happening in the violent woods world of which its harsh spirit is disdainfully unfrightened.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIBRARY

Critics and History

By Mary M. Colum

A critic, if he is more than a mere book reviewer assessing contemporary writing, has always a line of his own which he believes interprets literature more revealingly than any other critic's line. Among critics, Edmund Wilson has a line which interprets works of fiction and explains their genesis in a way that is distinctive, revealing and original. One remembers that in *Axel's Castle* the most distinguished essay was on Proust and the least valuable the one on Yeats, and this chiefly for the reason that he started his study from wrong information — Yeats' supposed connection with Mallarmé and the French Symbolists.

But in *The Wound and the Bow*,[1] where every essay except one is concerned with novelists, he is at his very best as a critic. The study of Dickens, which opens the book, is a very fine piece of criticism. The style is vigorous, entertaining and compact. In it are combined an examination of Dickens's life experience, a psychological analysis of his mind, and a study of his novels as to their motives and their characters in such a way as to give us a fresh and notable portrait of the author and an appraisal of Dickens's work from the viewpoint of today. Superficially, the method Edmund Wilson uses is not new, but he makes of it a new instrument. The method was first given power and range by Sainte-Beuve in his *Portraits* — "*Tel arbre, tel fruit*," Sainte-Beuve explained — as is the tree, so is the fruit; as is the man, so is his book. The method has its drawbacks and its dangers. In the debunking era, a biographer with a personal bias and a little half-baked knowledge of psychoanalysis could prove almost anything.

The essay in *The Wound and the Bow* is above all that. In Edmund Wilson's use of the method,

[1] *The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature*, by Edmund Wilson. $3.00. *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dickens gains in interest and stature.

Dickens, this critic concludes, was the greatest dramatic writer the English had since Shakespeare and he created the largest and most varied world. But the very largeness and variety of his world blunted people's interest in its creator: it hardly seemed as if it came out of the mind of a single man. In fact, it is the fate of these immense creators not to seem to be men at all. The medley of readers who delighted in Mr. Micawber, Mrs. Gamp, and Mr. Jingle were almost unaware of the fact that behind these creations there was an actual man writing so many words a day. Edmund Wilson has studied from many angles the man from whose mind all these creations came, and shows how they are related to his personal history — a personal history that was kept so long under cover. There was his difficult marriage and his large family of children; there was his young mistress who was the mother of a child who died in infancy. Certain experiences of his early life — life in Marshalsea Prison where his father had been committed for debt, bringing his whole family with him, his own work as a child in a blacking factory after early years of moderate prosperity gave him a sense of degradatio This resulted in a psychic inju which gave him on the one hand sort of neurosis, on the other pa terns for the characters we knc him by.

Wilson selects for his studi great writers whose work reflec the psychic injuries they we given in childhood: hence the tit of his book, which is taken fro Sophocles' play about Philoctet — the wounded man possessed a weapon which his communit needs. Not all of the seven write he estimates can be fitted into th parable. Dickens and Kipling c and these two writers go well t gether for between them the present a complete picture of life i England and the Empire betwee the fall of Napoleon and the begir ning of the last war. In part of th Hemingway essay, Wilson allov his method to run a bit away wit him and the attempt to read th author into his creations becom at times a little fantastic. This really a limitation of much moder criticism. The critics make to little allowance for the feats of th imagination and for creations whic arise from observation and com munication with life. Stefan Zweig writing on Dickens, goes to th other extreme and is inclined t attribute everything in Dickens t

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his surpassing powers of observation. After all, there are writers — Balzac was one — who can take in a whole life by walking behind a man in a street or watching a woman's face at a market. Though it is almost impossible for anyone not Irish and Irish of a particular generation to follow the ramifications of racial memory that are in *Finnegans Wake*. Yet in spite of mistakes here and there Edmund Wilson is penetrating and revealing in his reading of the Dream of H. C. Earwicker. He gets lost in Dublin topography, and his detailed exposition of the passage about the madness of Swift is untrustworthy because he does not know the key Gaelic words.

Side by side with *The Wound and the Bow* is a remarkable book which has been given little notice in the press, namely, Eric Gill's *Autobiography*.[2] The Victorian world was a good writers' world in England; writers were powers in the land and they had grand material. But it was no sculptor's world, and Gill gives it a fine lambasting in his book.

As a young man in an architect's office, Eric Gill was revolted by the soullessness of late Victorian England. Looking back from it, he saw an even more dreadful world, the world Dickens wrote of in *Hard Times*. He could not understand how it ever came into existence, that world with its hideous penalties for infringement of laws protecting property. He could not understand how humanity allowed the industrial civilization ever to get a grip on it. "The factory system is in itself so inhuman, subhuman and antihuman . . . that were we not so used to it, had we not been born in it, did not so many of us derive profits or wages from it, we should, as we some day shall, find it impossible to understand the frame of mind of the nations that endure it."

His intense indignation against everything that deprives men of their natural delight in life, his belief that this exploiting, industrial civilization must go, is, in the earnestness of its conviction, more impressive than tomes of denunciation. A sentence overheard in childhood sowed the seeds of that hatred of all machine-made, factory-produced things which was to become an obsession with him. Later, there was his discovery of the strangely-preserved, medieval city of Chichester which men had made with their hands and planned with their heads so that it had real form and was no haphazard real-estate development. From there

[2] *Autobiography*, by Eric Gill. $3.50. *Devin-Adair.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on, Gill sought for some way to integrate man with his work and man and his work with society, as he thought it had been done in parts of the medieval world. By nature a religious artist, he drifted towards the Church that still has some use for sculptors, the Catholic Church. But he gives some of the prelates who run it short shrift and one doubts if this autobiography will be on any Cardinal's white list. Gill was a highly-sexed, sensual man and his remarks on sex are of the outspoken order. A wife for such a man was a beloved possession, but he wanted her to keep her place — children, church and cooking — and not object, at least volubly, if he felt he had to career off for a week with another lady.

This is a book by an artist, not a salesman of art, with the rich understanding of life that the genuine artist has, with a passion for making things for everybody's use rather than for museums and rich people's collections.

II

The minds of men at the moment are less occupied with art than with history and politics. Spengler's *Decline of the West* gave a new turn to historical speculation and directed to the study of history men who were not the conventionally trained historians of the colleges and universities. The consequence of this has been that we have had very dramatic and illuminating interpretations of history in the light of present-day catastrophes. Two that stand out notably are Aldous Huxley's *Grey Eminence*,[3] dealing with the Thirty Years' War, and Ferrero's *The Reconstruction of Europe*,[4] which treats of peace-making in Europe after Napoleon's defeat. Each book illuminates present conditions. Aldous Huxley believes that it is beyond the capacity of any single human mind to determine all the significant causes that lead up to any event in history, yet a number of gifted and disciplined minds can piece enough together to be of value in human affairs. A few years ago, writers appeared bent on explaining history in terms of economic determinism and the great personalities were given slight rôles. Now matters are reversed and Huxley shows us the part played in determining the course of history by Richelieu and his minister, known as Grey Eminence, who was a Capuchin monk.

"In the long chain of crime," he

[3] *Grey Eminence*, by Aldous Huxley. $3.50. *Harper.*

[4] *The Reconstruction of Europe*, by Guglielmo Ferrero. *Putnam.*

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rites, "which binds the present world to its past, one of the most ıtally important links was the Thirty Years' War." This book is hiefly about the man who kept hat war going. Its subtitle is "*A tudy in Religion and Politics*," and he opening chapter depicts a barefooted Capuchin trudging on oot from Paris to Rome, carrying letter from the King of France o Pope Urban VIII and meditating, as he walks, on Christ and Calvary and the will of God. In he last chapter, we see this same nonk dying of a stroke, having lone in his lifetime pretty nearly s much damage to Europe as one nan could. But when Father Joeph became Richelieu's right-hand nan, another personality emerged ınd the praying monk suffered a ea-change into a power politician vho was able to persuade himself hat by basing the glory of France on the degradation and ruin of Germany he was doing the will of God. This man used his power over nen and his wonderful powers of nind to keep up the devastation hat cost middle Europe a third of its population and brought peoole in parts of it to cannibalism. He made use of propaganda, spying ınd fifth columning. The multitudinous psychological, religious and patriotic reasons which urged this monk to promote a long and terrible war suggest some striking reflections and conclusions to Huxley on the problem of mitigating man's inhumanity to man. He has no use for politicians. "The more sinister the designs of a politician," he says, "the more high-flown, as a rule, becomes the nobility of his language."

One need not take Talleyrand at Ferrero's valuation to agree with the main conclusion of *The Reconstruction of Europe*, the conclusion being that to break the encirclement of fear produced by extraordinary political upsets, first-rate constructive minds are a necessity. Europe is now in the state of panic that it was during the French revolution and the Napoleonic wars. Panic seized on it after the taking of the Bastile and the fall of the monarchy in France. Security broke down, the men of adventurous minds as opposed to the men of constructive minds took charge of affairs, and the ability to anticipate events, which is what really gives society its sense of security, was lost. The present panic seized on Europe with the fairly general collapse of the monarchial system after the last war, with the spread of revolutionary ideas and the breakdown of the old international law. Again

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the adventurous minds took hold and swept most of Europe along. The constructive minds which could indicate how peace and security might be attained did not appear or were not able to function.

What saved Europe in 1814? Ferrero thinks the answer is that one man, Talleyrand, was able to discover a principle which would give a sense of security to the public. The principle in this case was legitimacy — legitimate government which meant for France the restoration of the Bourbons and the allowance of an opposition. What makes a government legitimate in Ferrero's judgment? Legitimacy implies two fundamentals — the right of opposition and the right to vote. He hopes for the appearance now of a number of constructive minds who will be able to break through the encirclement of fear, who will be able to set up in Europe a federation of legitimate states, each free to govern itself as it wants to.

Ferrero makes his points a little over-dramatically. He wants everything to lead up to a climax. He lays no stress on the fact that Talleyrand's great power at the Congress of Vienna lay in the fact that he was the one man there who knew what he wanted and who never wavered. He wanted to save France, to get a peace that took away nothing of France's traditional possessions: he got what he wanted. This book should be read as a tract for the times. The message that it carries is this: find a principle or set of principles that the people in all states under consideration will look upon as reasonable then find a method of embodying it or them. And the real value of *The Reconstruction of Europe* is that it convinces us that this is the task for today.

CHECK LIST

FICTION

BETWEEN THE ACTS, by Virginia Woolf. $2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* Virginia Woolf comes near solving one of the problems of the modern novelist, which is to give expression to the fantasies and flights that are above and beyond the routine of our lives. Her novels are in the poets' domain. She made them by crossing the interior monologues of a group of people. This last book of hers — a sad, beautiful, revealing book — is a fine example of her art. And how few novelists there are whose work can be characterized as "art."

EVENING IN SPRING, by August Derleth. $2.50. *Scribner's.* An engaging novel of lyrical young love. The scene is that small Wisconsin town which has figured in the author's previous novels. To the ordinary complications of first love and interfering elders is added that now fashionable compli-

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ation of religious differences. It has all been done before, but pleasant to read again in a fresh setting.

ELLEN ROGERS, by James T. Farrell. $2.50. *Vanguard.* Don't look for the fine, true writing of the Studs Lonigan trilogy in "Ellen Rogers." Farrell's idea for the book was excellent: a hardheaded young woman of the 20's, who plays around with men only for what they can give her, suddenly falls desperately in love with an even more hardheaded young man, who looks upon women as a series of games to be played with whatever skill is needed. The end is inevitable, tragic, and most convincing but in between is some of the worst dialogue ever to see printer's ink. Ellen and what she says is real, but her young man, although his type is easily recognized, sounds like an essay in freshman composition. — J. T.

MILDRED PIERCE, by James M. Cain. $2.50. *Knopf.* Mildred, a girl with good legs and a talent for cooking, proves she can beat the economic world when she throws her husband out for infidelity and failure to provide. Veda, her daughter, is her one real passion in life, and the one for which she sacrifices everything. But Veda is a strumpet and blackmailer and is peculiarly callous and brutal to her mother except when she wants something. A cruel satire on unselfish mother love, written with Mr. Cain's usual emphasis on sex. — M. F.

THE SUN SHALL GREET THEM, by David Rame. $2.50. *Macmillan.* Sensitively written story of one man's fears and hopes while helping evacuate the soldiers from Dunkirk as a member of the volunteer force which manned any boat its members could lay their hands on. — M. F.

LADIES' DAY, by Chard Powers Smith. $2.75. *Scribner's.* "Ladies' Day" turns out to be the closing two decades of the last century, when American women began to take a hand in social and political affairs and the period of "uplift" was on the way. Mr. Smith's admirable novel recreates the period whole, from elegant parlour to fashionable brothel. So real is the atmosphere that plot and characters are somewhat submerged in it but the book is distinctive and readable, anyway.

NON-FICTION

MY LAST MILLION READERS, by Emile Gauvreau. $3.00. *Dutton.* Here y'are, folks, read all about it, the inside story of Billy Mitchell, how Stanley Walker tried to reform Philadelphia, what it takes to influence tabloid readers. Get your Gavreau memoirs! Hot off the typewriter come these vastly entertaining reminiscences of the Connecticut boy who launched McFadden's odorous Graphic and later edited the Mirror, went on to become an unofficial New Deal diplomat, and wound up raising goats on a Delaware River farm. It's the kind of book a first-rate newspaperman would write—so objective that it reads like a history of our turgid times rather than the usual autobiographical meanderings of a man writing about himself. — J. T.

TAR HEELS, by Jonathan Daniels. $3.00. *Dodd, Mead.* Editor Daniels, who has won a paradoxical literary fame by doing two good jobs of regional reporting, here turns his attention to a single state, North Carolina. His report on the Tar Heels is not only thorough but it is told with the Daniels humor, his characteristic penetration and a certain poetic quality that comes only when an author is desperately in love with his subject. Daniels feels that way about his native commonwealth. — J. T.

MEMORIES OF OPERA, by Giulio Gatti-Casazza. $3.50. *Scribner's.* Howard Taubman, of the New York *Times*, lent a newspaperman's clinical help to the writing of these memories but the result is unadulterated Gatti-Casazza. It is as though the Metropolitan Opera's impresario, dead now a year, were sitting in the House's press office and relating the lively events of his artistic life in chronological order. The interplay of Gatti's personality, with the artistic talents of three decades at the Met makes a unique chapter in the history of American music. — J. T.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OPEN FORUM

IS THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA SOUND?

SIR: After fourteen months' continuous observation and travel through most of the South American and Central American countries, I was much interested, not to say fascinated, by the views expressed in the letters and various articles contained in your August number.

Much of this interest and fascination is stimulated by irritation at the calm, not to say sanctimonious, assumption that the so-called "democratic" ideology is universally accepted as basically sound. As I understand it, democracy means the execution of the will of the majority for the benefit of or in accordance with the desires of the largest number. With intelligent people having the same interests this works well locally for deciding purely local matters, but it never has and never can work nationally, much less internationally. The average man is wholly incompetent to judge or decide any foreign policy, as witness the perfectly asinine letters and comments we are reading daily from self-constituted spokesmen for "democracy." I, for one, disagree profoundly with this ideology, its assumptions and its conclusions. Not only does democracy not exist at all upon any large scale but what is so called does not work as such. What we CALL democracy is demagoguery. . . .

. . . We are still a nation of dreamers and Pollyannas, governed and exploited by exceedingly hardheaded gangsters and opportunists, and refuse to face the realities of existence, still mouthing about democracy, equal rights, fundamental goodness of our fellowmen even when misled, etc., etc. . . .

. . . History moves in cycles and is, in sum, merely a collective experience of human existence. . . . The grotesque side of this is the fact that apparently each civilization has believed itself to be the last and the fin expression if not apogee of human existenc for one reason or another. The Chinese hav a far more correct appreciation of the relativ importance of human life in their philosoph than have the Western nations and its pra tical value is demonstrated by the fact th China is the oldest existing nation as an et tity. No race, no nation and no species th was "too proud to fight" has ever been su cessful in surviving, a fact which deserves th earnest consideration of our numerous pac fists, Fifth Columnists (theoretical and pu chased), isolationists and anti-militarists. Unt the human race shall have been considerabl improved, the course of procedure indicate would appear to be to defeat the gangst nations as rapidly as possible, if possible, di arm them permanently, divide them polit cally and jointly police the globe with th help of the most enlightened nations wh have nothing to gain from a change of th political status quo. This will give us peac for the next generation or two which is abou as far as anyone can look ahead, as each gener tion must solve its own problems for itse according to its own ideas as to the benefi accruing from such a solution to posterity.

EDGAR C. RIEBE

Port-au-Prince,
Haiti

(What do other readers think of the sounc ness of "democratic ideology?" — ED.)

WORD-EATING DEPT.

SIR: You will have to eat every word o your last preposterous article in the MER CURY. Events have proven that not only ar you entirely wrong on every point but thing

(*Continued on page 638*)

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...ich of These 20 Best-Sellers

Originally Published at Prices Up to $6.00

Do You Want for Only $1 Each?

All *full library size* — not pocket volumes. Handsomely cloth bound, beautifully printed books you will be proud to own!

will pay you to check this NEW ...t of books, many of which are ...available for the *first time* at the price of only $1.00 each. Remember, they are all full-sized, handsomely cloth-bound editions for your ...manent library. Go over the list ...W and send your order direct to *American Mercury*, using the ...nient coupon below.

...NOT PEACE BUT A ...Z SWORD — *Vincent Sheean.* ...best-selling book by the author *Personal History.* Shows with ...hing clearness the factors be... the war. Originally $2.75.

... THE GRAPES OF WRATH — *John Steinbeck.* The most ...s book of our day! The story ...e lusty Joads, into whom ...ck has breathed immortal Was $2.75.

4 THE BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA — Edited by *...ry Marshall.* Covers all business ...ects — banking, law, letter writ... arithmetic, advertising, selling, ...ness English, credits, collections, Formerly $5.00.

... ROGET'S THESAURUS: ... In Dictionary Form. For ...ttime — ONLY $1.00! Stand... word book for every writer, ...nt, speaker, teacher, business ... Thousands of new words, ...n words, expressions. Patented ...ry form — quicker to use — ...s, indexes. Was $3.00.

... LORDS OF THE PRESS — *George Seldes.* This frank, un...ing analysis blows the lid off ...rica's great newspapers — re... their inside policies, practices, ...s. Was $3.00.

3 THE EPIC OF AMERICA — *James Truslow Adams,* ...is the whole graphic story of ...merican people from Columbus ...evelt, unanimously acclaimed ...s and readers as "the single volume on American ...ry in existence." Was $3.00.

... STORY OF PHILOSOPHY — *Will Durant.* America's most ...s modern book — the epoch...ding history of humans as great ...rs, from Socrates to John ...ey. Formerly $5.00.

NIJINSKY — *by Romola Nijinsky,* his wife. The unbeliev... life story of the world's greatest ... whose genius dazzled the ...ned heads of two continents. ...by 9¼ inches, 447 pages, pro... ly illustrated with photographs ...painting. Originally $3.75.

46 THE STORY OF MANKIND — *Hendrik W. van Loon.* An essential part of every home library. An animated chronology of man's progress. 188 illustrations. Formerly $3.00.

675 REBECCA — *Daphne du Maurier's Great Best-Seller.* Nearly half a million copies sold. Now you can get this best-seller in a library edition at a new low price!

10 DANGER IS MY BUSINESS — *John D. Craig.* True adventures of dare-devil photographer whose daily life is a gamble with tigers, sharks, killer whales and devil fishes over and under the seven seas. Originally $3.00.

106 YOUR MIND AND HOW TO USE IT — *W. J. Ennever,* famous founder of Pelmanism. Explains mental training methods tested in thousands of cases, proven to be sound. Achieve the things you want in life by Mental Discipline! Originally $2.95.

B101 WE MARRIED AN ENGLISHMAN — *Ruth and Helen Hoffman.* Hilarious story of American twins' stay in Baghdad, near the Garden of Eden. Was $2.75.

768 MR. EMMANUEL — *Louis Golding.* A weary, lonely old gentleman suddenly embarks on a train of events which lead him onto the world's front pages. Was $2.50.

802 THE WEB AND THE ROCK — *Thomas Wolfe.* Completed just before his death — the only love story Thomas Wolfe ever wrote — as turbulent, passionate, and powerful as the author of *Look Homeward, Angel* himself!

B25 THE LOUIS BROMFIELD TRILOGY. Three great modern novels that will give you hours of superb entertainment — each a best-seller. *The Green Bay Tree, Possession,* and *Early Autumn* — by one of America's most distinguished authors, who wrote *The Rains Came.* Originally in 3 volumes, $7.50. Now *all three* at less than the price of one, handsomely bound in one volume.

126 SPANISH SELF TAUGHT — *Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal.* Now, with new business opportunities opening daily in Latin America, Spanish is the most important foreign language. Learn it quickly, easily, with just a few minutes a day. 250,000 copies sold at $6.

B564 BURT'S SPANISH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-SPANISH DICTIONARY. Handy dictionary for commercial and general use; ideal companion volume to No. 126 described above.

37 THE ART OF CONVERSATION — *Milton Wright,* author of *Getting Along With People.* A few minutes a day with this simple, practical book will give you new confidence, new power!

B138 DE MAUPASSANT'S COMPLETE SHORT STORIES. 200 tales of love, hate, passion and madness. Over 1,000 pages. Originally $2.98.

SEND NO MONEY... *Use this convenient coupon*

AMERICAN MERCURY 11-41

570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Please send me the books whose numbers I have written below. I will pay postman your special advertised price (plus few cents C.O.D. charge). It is distinctly understood that if I am not convinced these are the greatest book values I ever saw — I may return them within 5 days for refund of full purchase price.

_____

_____

_____

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

☐ **POSTAGE FREE** — check here if you wish to save C.O.D. charge by enclosing with coupon full amount of your order. Same refund guarantee applies, of course.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the RESIDENTIAL WING
of the
HOTEL New Weston

"Hotel Service without Hotel Atmosphere" in one of the best locations in Manhattan. Newly decorated and furnished apartments with high ceilings, southern exposures, extremely practical serving pantries and new pastel-tinted bath rooms. Almost any desired arrangement and number of rooms. Moderate monthly or lease rates. PLaza 3-4800.

HOTEL New Weston
MADISON AT 50TH · NEW YORK CITY
Y. A. PRICE, Manager

South American
BOOM!
Bigger Earnings—
More Travel Pleasure – Interesting New Jobs—IF you
Speak SPANISH
Just Listen to This
Record . . and Speak
AT ONCE

"Learn by Listening"—to famous Cortina-phone records! Easy; quick; inexpensive—fascinating fun. The NATURAL way to learn. Let Cortinaphone help you profit by U. S. interest in South America.

Sent on 5 Days' Approval — Most fascinating, most satisfactory method known for learning or perfecting yourself in a foreign language. Investigate! Free book tells about 5-Day Approval Offer. Mail coupon today.

CORTINA Academy (Language Specialists for 50 Yrs.)
Suite 4611, 105 West 40th St., New York City
Please send me — without obligation — your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):
☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ Italian ☐ German
Name.....
Address.....

Recorded MUSIC

REPORTS from the major recording compan in these autumnal days reflect the harr condition of the country. Production cann keep up with demand, officials say.

A major reason for the boom, of course the rise in consumer purchasing power. / other is the almost instinctive turning music for escape from universal confusi Still another is that happy juncture in wh steadily rising popularity and ownership phonographs has at last met and merged w record lists which contain something for · eryone's taste.

For instance, Columbia in one rec month released modern versions of two star ard concert favorites, *Tschaikowsky's Sy phony No. 4* (M-468, $5.50) done with dynamic contrasts of Mitropoulos and Minneapolis Symphony, and *Schumar "Rhenish" Symphony* in a carefully polish version by Bruno Walter and the New Y Philharmonic (M-464, $4.50). But the follc ing month's top releases were aimed at a (ferent audience. There was a flashing p formance of *Shostakovitch's Symphony No* by Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orche (M-472, $4.50) and a breath of life blc into *Mahler's Symphony No. 1* by Mitrop and his men (M-469, $6.50).

The current Victor list has similar bre of appeal. For the musically mature, ther *Brahms's Double Concerto in A minor* in epic reading by Heifetz, Feuermann and Philadelphians under Ormandy, which cc pletely supersedes the famous but now o dated version by Thibaud, Casals and an chestra under Cortot (M-815, $4.50). Th following up its best-selling *"Heart of Symphony,"* Victor has issued a *"Heart of Piano Concerto"* album — condensed excer from seven standard concertos and fr Gershwin's *"Rhapsody in Blue,"* perforr

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

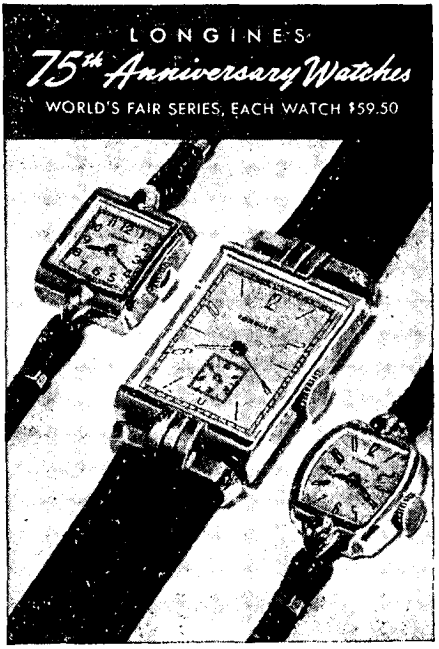
emarkable versatility by Sanroma and ictor Symphony under Charles O'Con- M-818, $4.50). Add to these a collection *"Voices of the Golden Age of Opera"* 6, $5.50) in which people who don't about the imperfect recording of other nay revel in the artistry of Sembrich, , Gadski, Melba, Calve and others.

both lists appear such odd items as a nostalgic revival of *Ravel's La Valse*, with all-around excellence by the San co Symphony under Monteux (Vic- i-820, $2.50); William Walton's orches- ersion of *Bach's "The Wise Virgins"* suite, with Walton conducting the 's Wells Orchestra (Victor, M-817, ; *Rachmaninoff's Suite No. 2*, for two by Vronsky and Babin (Victor, , $3.50); an excellent, complete re- of *Pagliacci* by the La Scala troupe ia, M-Op. 22, $9.50); a kaleidoscopic netz treatment of *Ferde Grofe's Grand n Suite*, which wears well with the years ia, M-463, $4.50); and a completely ing suite from *Deems Taylor's Peter m*, turned out by Howard Barlow and BS Symphony (Columbia, X-204,

so much can be said for the current f single records. They cover a wide range but few are outstanding. Vic- 12-inch, one dollar list contains two *'s* (18166), with Dorothy Maynor on one side with Philadelphia-Or- backing, and the Philadelphians alone monplace on the reverse side. San- is first-rate in a free transcription of r's *Magic Fire Music* but wastes his n *Rustle of Spring* and *The Butterfly*). Eleanor Steber, one of the Met's cquisitions, exhibits a fine soprano records excellently in Du Parc's *n Triste* and Bachelet's *Chére Nuit*, n French (18088).

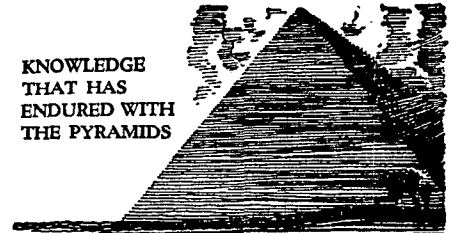
mbia's similar list leans to a more pop- in. *Ponchielli's Dance of the Hours* gets ous reading from Dr. Stock and the o Symphony (11621-D). Felix Wein- r and the Paris Conservatory Orches- all, with a lush poignancy, a vanished in *Strauss's Wine, Women and Song.* -D). — JOHN TEBBEL

LONGINES WATCHES have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other watch. The 75th Anniversary Longines Watches present the peak of Longines perfection. Longines Jewelers show Longines Watches from $40; also Wittnauer Watches from $24.75 . . . products of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KNOWLEDGE
THAT HAS
ENDURED WITH
THE PYRAMIDS



A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids? Where did the first builders in the Nile Valley acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and used certain *Secret Methods* for the development of their inner power of mind. They truly learned to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages and today is extended to those who dare use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book — FREE

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) have prepared an unusual book, which will be sent free to sincere inquirers, in which the method of receiving these principles and natural laws is explained. Write *today* for your copy of this sealed book. Possibly it will be the first step whereby you can accomplish many of your secret ambitions and the building of personal achievements. Address your inquiry to: Scribe C. T. Z.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose, California

The Open FORUM

(*Continued from page 634*)

have happened quite the opposite tc blundering and thundering predictions

The Soviet peoples, including the Dc Cuban Cossacks, who were the main of the 1918 counter-revolution, stand like one man behind the governm Stalin, whom you call a "brigand- The masses of Russia support their munistic government in the present disaster just as ardently as in the su of the last decade. The Russian masses run away from the enemy like the co and treacherous ruling classes of the s democracies, but fight the Nazi mass- ers into death wherever they meet the

. . . Now let *me* make a prediction winter will see not the end of the "br chief" Stalin, but of the great Hitler h who unfortunately has too many frie this country and I hope you are not them.

ANDREW JOI

Asheville,
North Carolina

OPINIONS WANTED

SIR: I have read the pronounceme experts on how to win the war and w do after it is won but in all this rhe have found no master intellect who what to do with the Germans after the is signed. Are they to become a police tectorate of the victors? Will they be a to choose their own leaders? What mar geographical line can possibly be dra contain them?

I'd like to see the opinion of other

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

um readers. We ought to give some ught to this question now.

HARRISON V. TRENTWELL

York City

SINCLAIR LEWIS REVISITED

IR: Mr. Stolberg manages to paint an in- uing, friendly, impish picture of Sinclair is but neglects to say that Mr. Lewis is hed, done for, though not quite dead; he is no longer the pulse of American ion; that he cannot write a book on labor he hasn't anything to say on present- subjects, except perhaps to agree with America First Committee, which says it or him.

JAMES S. BROOMB

a,
York

MEMO TO MR. NATHAN

Mr. George Jean Nathan has at last re- d himself as an old man who wants to be lone. A playwright certainly can have tic integrity and still read the morning rs. Mr. Nathan is just an old crab. If the ights ignored the problems of today, ould criticize them for ignoring the ex- g dramatic conflicts in the present world. is not meant to mean that all propa- la plays are good, but just to say, let the ghts write about what they want to. don't you write the Great American , Mr. Nathan, you seem to know all the ers?

ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT

York City

CORRECTION

Benjamin Stolberg's article "Inside or" in our August issue, Edward T. fitz, an official of the Die Casting Work- Union, was referred to as "an alien who is r investigation by the FBI." This state- is untrue. Both the author and the edi- express their regrets.

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with tub and shower, from $4.50.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

For Defense!

BUY

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rx: TAKE THE STRAIN OFF YOUR MIND WI A GOOD MYSTERY THIS EVENING

Here are some of the best, written by such top-notchers as Ellery Queen, Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Dorothy Sayers, Jonathan Latimer, Georges Simenon, and republished by THE AMERICAN MERCURY for its readers at the extraordinary low price of 25c.

Check over the list right now and send for your selections with the coupon below. We will refund your money without question if you are not delighted with the books.

B10. THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE by *Erle Stanley Gardner*. She was nervous. She wanted the advice for a friend. That's what she said. And Perry Mason's disbelief in her story drove her away — and caused double trouble when he became her attorney, and she was on trial for her life!

B8. THE DEVIL TO PAY by *Ellery Queen*. Winni Moon, blonde, swivel-hipped, exotic movie actress; her scented chimpanzee; Pink, who came from Flatbush; Solly Spaeth, who was spawned in New York — all contribute to a murder which became a managing editor's dream!

B9. THE MYSTERIOUS MR. QUIN by *Agatha Christie*. A group of nine exciting mystery stories by one of the best writers in that field.

42. THE AMERICAN GUN MYSTERY by *Ellery Queen*. "As good a puzzler as Ellery Queen has turned out, and that's something!" — New York *Daily Mirror*.

28. JAMAICA INN by *Daphne du Maurier*. A thriller by the famous author of *Rebecca*.

43. THE MURDER AT THE VICARAGE by *Agatha Christie*. An exciting, well-knit detective story, filled with people who are *people* and not puppets, and with a surprise at the end.

32. THE DOOR BETWEEN by *Ellery Queen*. Something unheard-of in detective fiction; the most deadly, the most universal, and yet the least-known weapon among all the wide variety ever employed by criminals and murderers!

35. THE DEATH OF LORD HAW HAW by *Brett Rutledge*. The astonishing, sensational double-mystery about the notorious broadcaster of World War II!

B1. ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN. Six complete, fascinating "mystery-ettes" — of the quality that made you a Queen fan!

38. HEADED FOR A HEARSE by *Jonathan Latimer*. "It's one of the best 'whodunits' in some time. Terse, tough, and intelligently plotted." — *Variety*.

44. THE NORTHS MEET MURDER by *Frances* and *Richard Lockridge*. "So funny, so fascinating, so plausible, so consistent that it is something new in mystery." — Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

39. HALFWAY HOUSE by *Ellery Queen*. Under the grim shadow of a sensational murder, opposites meet and clash — common peddler and financier, young housewife and austere society woman, struggling lawyer and charming debutante.

B15. INQUEST by *Percival Wilde*. "A marvel. A wonder. I have never read any murder story like it." — *William Lyon Phelps*.

37. MEET NERO WOLFE (Fer de lance) by *Rex Stout*. A tremendously exciting thriller by one of America's best-known mystery writers.

B3. MORE ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN. Five exciting short mysteries — for those times when you don't feel up to a full length battle with the dark forces of crime and the underworld!

B7. THE BELLAMY TRIAL by *Frances Noyes Hart*. "Probably this is the greatest mystery story written this century," wrote *Herbert Carter* of this courtroom masterpiece.

40. THE D.A. CALLS IT MURDER by *Erle Stanley Gardner*. "Hers is a story for murder mystery fans that has plenty to make it good reading. There is swift pace and plenty of excitement to this story." — *The Boston Globe*.

B13. LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY by *Dorothy Sayers*. "Dorothy Sayers plots a detective story better than anyone I know." — *Dashiel Hammett*, author of *The Thin Man*.

21. THE MISSING MINIATURE by *Erich Kastner*. A delightful combination of whimsicality, mystery and comedy, "An enchanting book." — *William Lyon Phelps*.

34. STRAWSTACK by *Dorothy Cameron Disney*. No smart-aleck detective; no boring interviews with servants; no confusing house plans. But the mystery of the murdered girl whose gloved hand protrudes from the flaming strawstack must be solved somehow.

45. THE LISTENING H by *Mabel Seeley*. "The story is told great gusto and humor and will anybody hanging on to the vi end." — New York *Post*.

B18. DEAD MAN'S by *Agatha Christie*. "As brilliant a of crimes as Agatha Christie h devised.

B19. THE CASE OF THE SL WALKER'S NIECE by *Erle St Gardner*. ". . . fast and furiou Gardner has become one of world's leading bafflers." — *Cuppy*, New York *Herald Tr*

B17. THE EGYPTIAN CI MYSTERY by *Ellery Queen*. it is a great story, well told, an all other Queen mysteries, it's to beat." — Philadelphia *Led*

36. THE SIAMESE TWIN M TERY by *Ellery Queen*. A bewil group of people isolated on a m tain top by a forest fire bel menaced by a murderer who know is one of their number! I

B12. THANK YOU, MR. by *John P. Marquand*, au *H. M. Pulham, Esq.* A thr story of two Americans swep the intrigues which run throu the shadowed streets of Peking.

B16. MURDER IN ST GLASS by *Margaret Arms* An exciting thriller by the aut *Trelawney* and *Fanny Kemble* of them a bestseller and a Bo the-Month Club selection.

31. THE DEATH OF MO GALLET by *Georges Simenon*. ing out of one of those dec humdrum affairs, this case q turns into a tangled skein of and hatred and cross-p will hold your interest until turn the last page!

B11. THE SPANISH CAPE TERY by *Ellery Queen*.

41. POIROT LOSES A CL by *Agatha Christie*. Hercule embarks on his most thrillin . . . with a dead woman as his c

B14. THE GREEK COF MYSTERY by *Ellery Queen*. me baffled but fascinated."—*Fra P. Adams*, INFORMATION PLI

MONEY BACK IN 5 DAYS . . . IF YOU WAN

MERCURY BOOKS, Dept. AM 11
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Mercury Books whose numbers I have enc below. I enclose $..... (25c per book) — no extra ch postage. It is understood that I may return any books I care to 5 days after I receive them for full refund of their purchase price.

B1 B3 B7 B8 B9 B10 B11 B12 B13 B14 B15 B16 B17 B1
21 28 31 32 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 4

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE with Literary Guild Membership

The VIKING BOOK OF POETRY

(Continued from back cover)

it and humor — which thousands have treas-
memory, and thrill to read again and again.
s many of these as you can — by poets from
uman old Chaucer to our best moderns — Edna
ent Millay, John Masefield, Robert Frost,
ld Macleish, and others still living. Give us in
ume a complete library of all the great poetry
nglish language — both English and American,
-loved classics and the best moderns!

Order! It Took Two Years to Fill!

ere "re-shuffling" of previous verse-collections
o. To fill the need felt by these thousands of mod-
try readers an entirely fresh, new selection was
or. To make it, the publishers secured the services
rd Aldington, a first-rate modern poet himself, and
read scholar with a sure instinct for the poems
ould be included in such a definitive collection —
gh the whole 1400 years during *which great poetry*
written in English. He undertook the enormous
two years he worked with the staffs of the Yale University Library and the Congressional Library in Washington. And now, at last, the great new anthology is finished. Mark Van Doren calls it, "the best yet made — a bold, rich and beautiful book, which will be standard for a long time to come." Poets, critics, booksellers, and librarians — all unite in enthusiastic praise.

The BEST of All the World's Poems in English Selected by a Famous Poet

No poem was included which is not a delight to read, and which has not delighted thousands. We have no space here for even a fraction of the pleasure-giving contents of this great 1,344-page volume, but it includes all the great names, and all your old favorites, both English and American, as well as a wealth of Mr. Aldington's new and thrilling discoveries. Here is the last word in Poetry collections!

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY of the English-Speaking World is a magnificent $3.50 volume, specially printed, and bound as befits a book intended to give years of service — but we will send you a copy at once, absolutely FREE, *if you join the Literary Guild now. It costs* you nothing to join, and remember — you get without charge this new, just published, 1,344-page, $3.50 book.

RARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!

principal reason for this offer is to encourage
mediate acceptance of free membership in the
so that we can demonstrate the extraordinary
, which you get as a Guild Member. When
lize that you will have the privilege of getting
important new $2.50 to $4.00 books, fiction or
ction, whenever you want them, for only $2.00
feel that *you are practically sure to join the*
at once.

... You Save Up to 50%

Literary Guild selects for you each month an outg new book from the forthcoming lists of the lead- . Although the publishers' editions sell for 2.50 to $4.00, if bought individually at retail, Guild pay only $2.00 for these same books, in hand-Guild editions. Guild selections are delivered to rs, on approval, the same day the publisher's edi- ced on sale.

teresting, you may have it sent for your approval. Guild members are not required to purchase a book every month. As few as four selections within one year keeps your membership in force.

NEW BONUS PLAN

Offers 25% Further Saving

As soon as you have purchased four selections you are entitled to another free book because the new plan gives members a $2.50 to $4.00 Bonus Book as soon as four Guild selections have been purchased at only $2.00 each.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Get "The Viking Book of Poetry" FREE

Guild Service starts as soon as you mail the card. "The Viking Book of Poetry" will *be sent to you immediately* — without cost. Send no money — just the card. But you are urged to act at once — this offer may soon have to be withdrawn!

***Literary Guild of America*, Dept. 11 AM, Garden City, New York**

Free

re-
famous
gazine
ich *con-*
bout the
n and its
a
ution by
is pro-
trated.
o an in-
to all
nt read-
month it
30 new
which
ased
Guild at
retail

so con-
de-
book to
follow-
you feel
nt that
otify the
send it
comes.
nd, if
unds in-

MAIL THIS CARD TODAY—NO STAMP NEEDED

"Viking Book of Poetry" FREE

Literary Guild of America, Dept. 11 AM
Garden City, New York

Please enroll me as a member of the Literary Guild and send me, free, "The Viking Book of Poetry." I am also to receive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privileges. It is understood that I will purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only $2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices) within a year.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Street & Number .....

City ..... State .....

Occupation .....

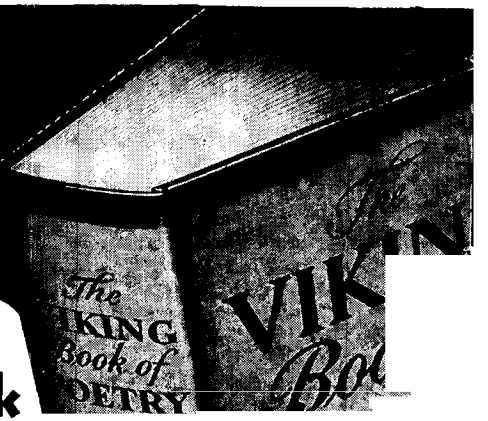
If under 21, age please .....

For plan serving Canadian members, write to Literary Guild, 105 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yours free

if you join the LITERARY GUILD at once



. . . the greatest book of its kind ever published!*

HERE, at last, is the anthology which poetry lovers of today have long been demanding — a fresh collection, made to include THE MOST ENJOYABLE poems ever written in English! The book to stand beside the Bible in the library of every American home. "Give us," they said in effect, "all the hundreds of beloved poems which have struck responsive chords of pleasure in the hearts of English-speaking men and women the world over — the poems of love, patriotism, passion, pity, inspiration, fancy, sublimity, achievement, adventure — yes,

(Continued on other side of this cover)

"The best
anthology of Britt
can poetry yet made.
Oxford Book both in the vigor of its
its scope. A bold, rich, and
believe will be standard for a long w

1344
1[illegible]

One and
many lin
appear i
lar
only ly
only hum
tiric v
rative a
poetry (
by
these top
fore an
wide-r
fullest
Americ
well as
pr
anthol
chronolo
cont
phy — i
— ind
dex of
ready
riod,
s

**See
Guild
Offer
Out**

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED